

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

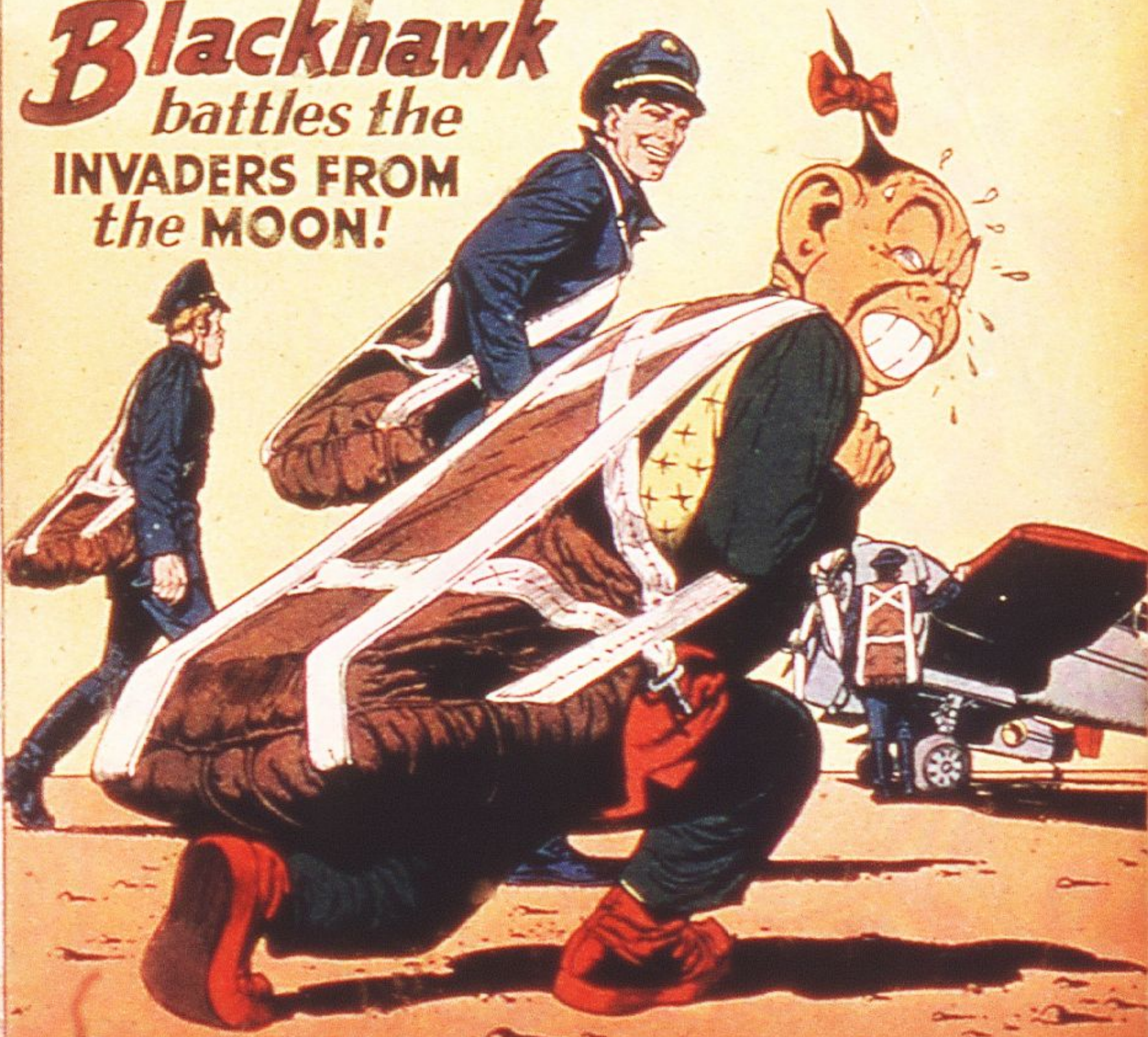
# MODERN

AUGUST  
No. 64

COMICS

10¢

**Blackhawk**  
*battles the*  
**INVADERS FROM**  
*the MOON!*







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS  
**MODERN**  
**COMICS**

THESE  
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR  
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH

**ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!**

**HIT**  
**COMICS**  
**NATIONAL**  
**COMICS**



# Blackhawk



No earthly power can stand  
against the perfectly coordinated  
attack of the flying, fighting  
**BLACKHAWKS!**

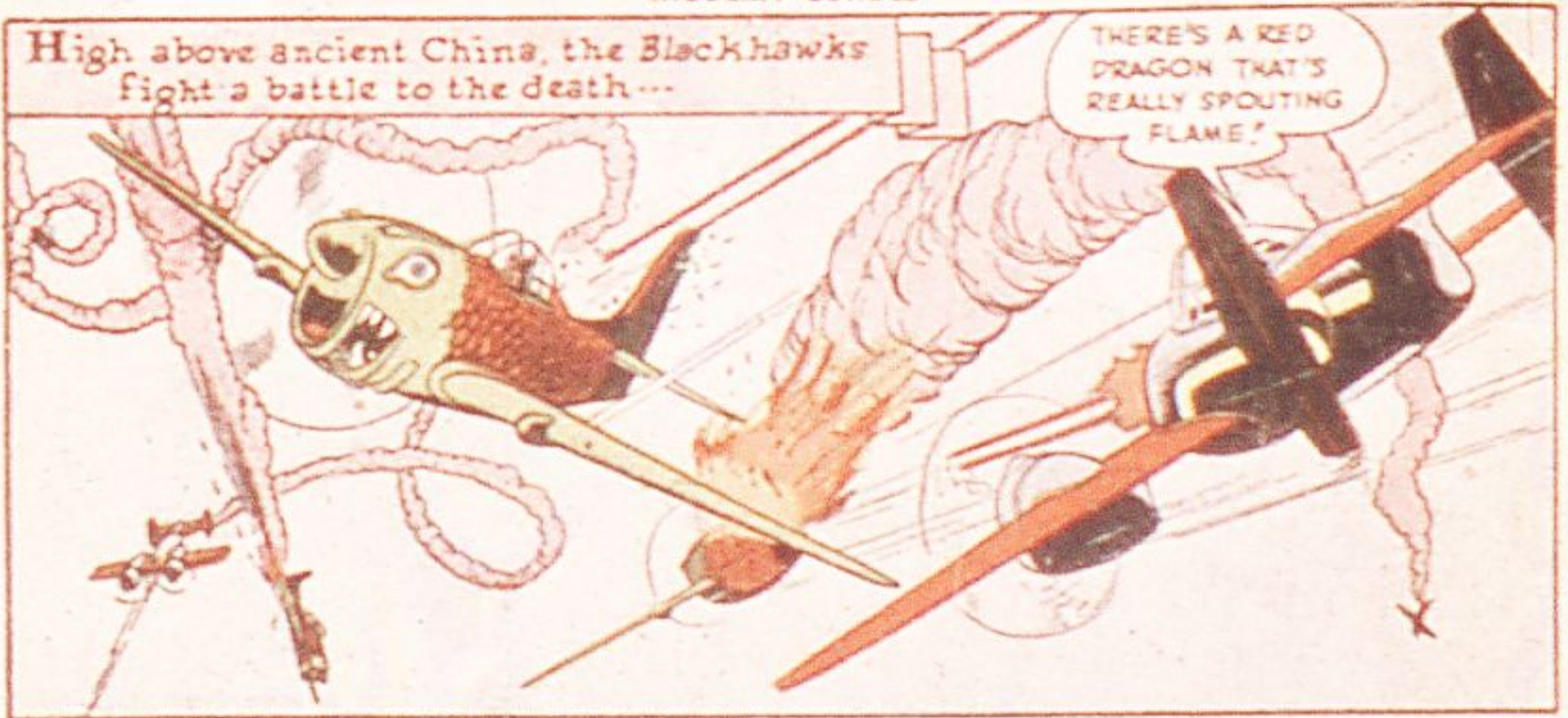
But the *Blackhawks*, far-famed  
knights of the skies, confront  
an **unearthly** menace, a  
terror from the depths of  
space, when they zoom aloft  
to battle the

**INVADERS** from the **MOON!**



High above ancient China, the Blackhawks fight a battle to the death...

THERE'S A RED  
DRAGON THAT'S  
REALLY SPOUTING  
FLAME!



THE OTHERS ARE HIGH-TAILING  
IT--- LIKE PUPPIES WITH THEIR  
TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS!  
EXIT THE RED DRAGONS!

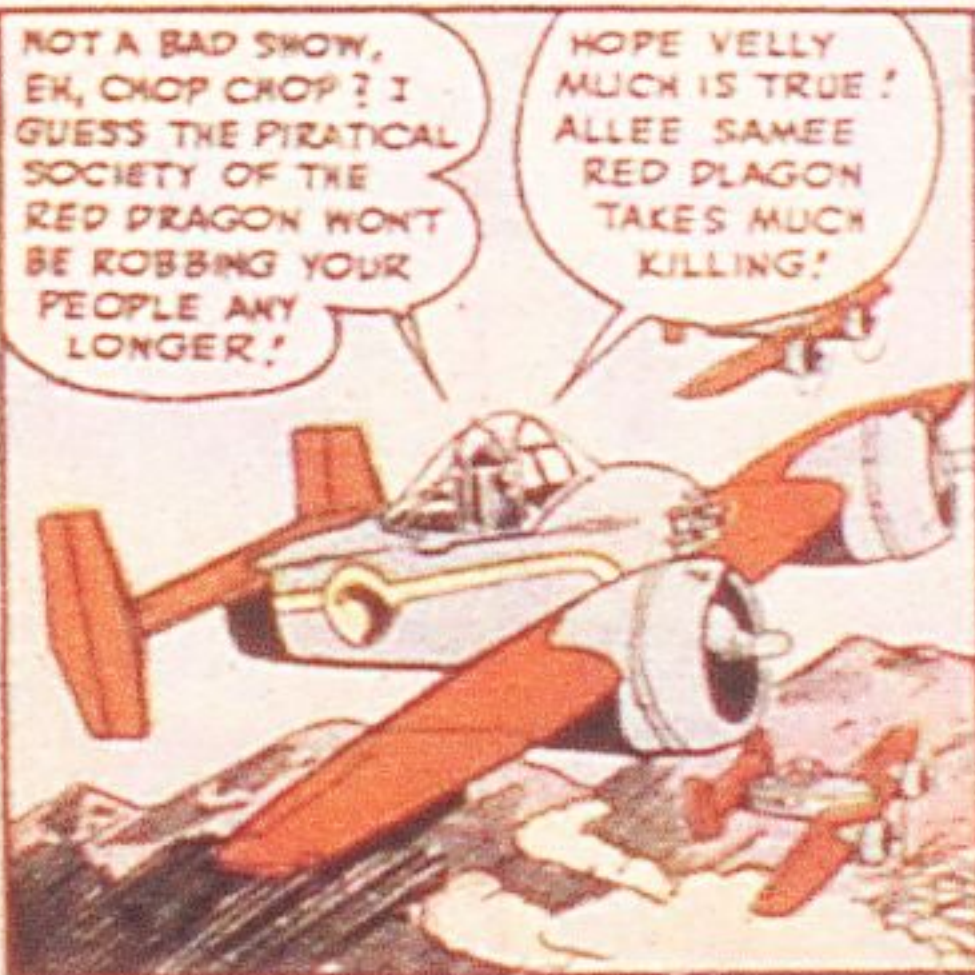


HOLD FORMATION! WE WANT  
A COUPLE OF SURVIVORS TO  
GET BACK SO THEY CAN  
SCARE THE LITTLE RED  
DRAGONS WHO STAYED  
HOME!



NOT A BAD SHOW,  
EH, CHOP CHOP? I  
GUESS THE PIRATICAL  
SOCIETY OF THE  
RED DRAGON WON'T  
BE ROBBING YOUR  
PEOPLE ANY  
LONGER!

HOPE VELLY  
MUCH IS TRUE!  
ALLEE SAMEE  
RED DRAGON  
TAKES MUCH  
KILLING!

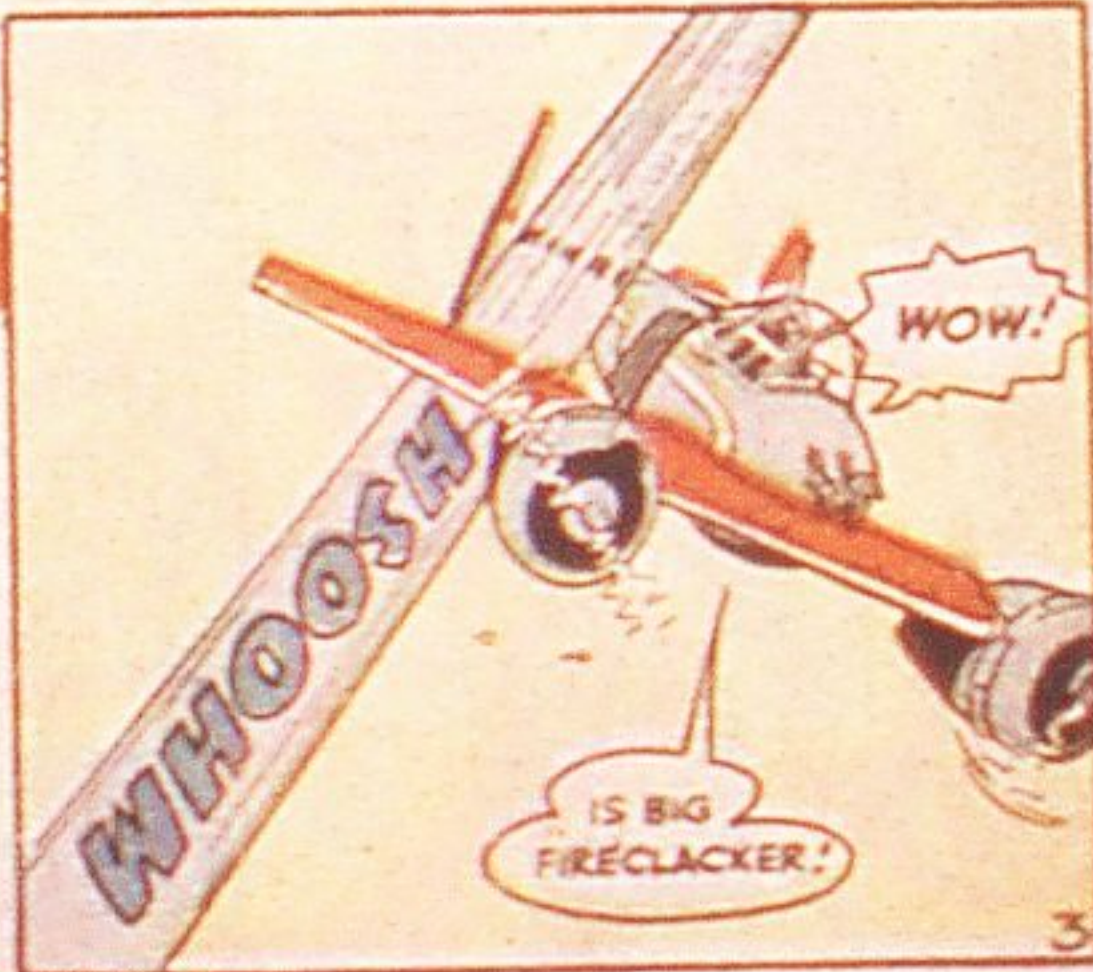
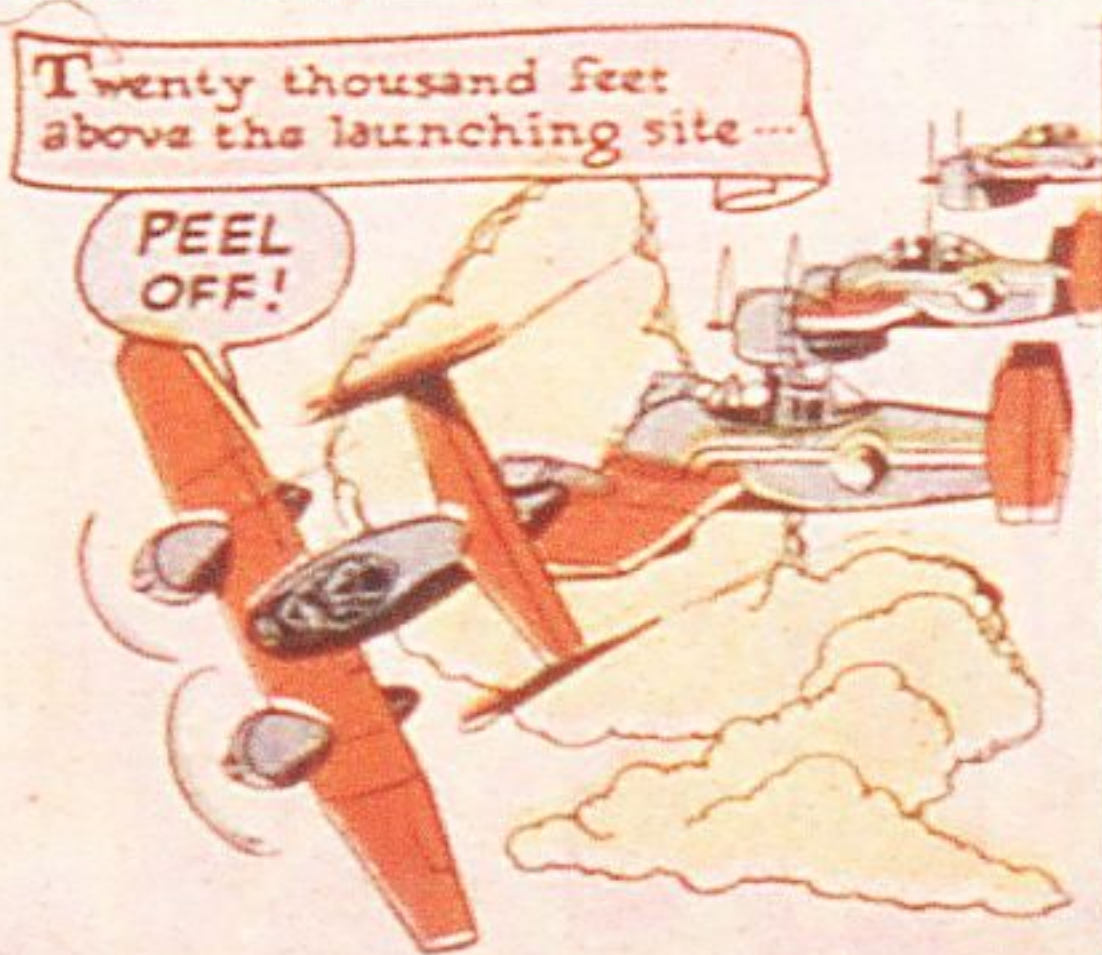


MAYBE RED DRAGON  
LIVE SOME MORE!  
BUT HE IS VELLY SICK  
DRAGON FROM NOW  
ON, YOU BETCHA  
MY LIFE!

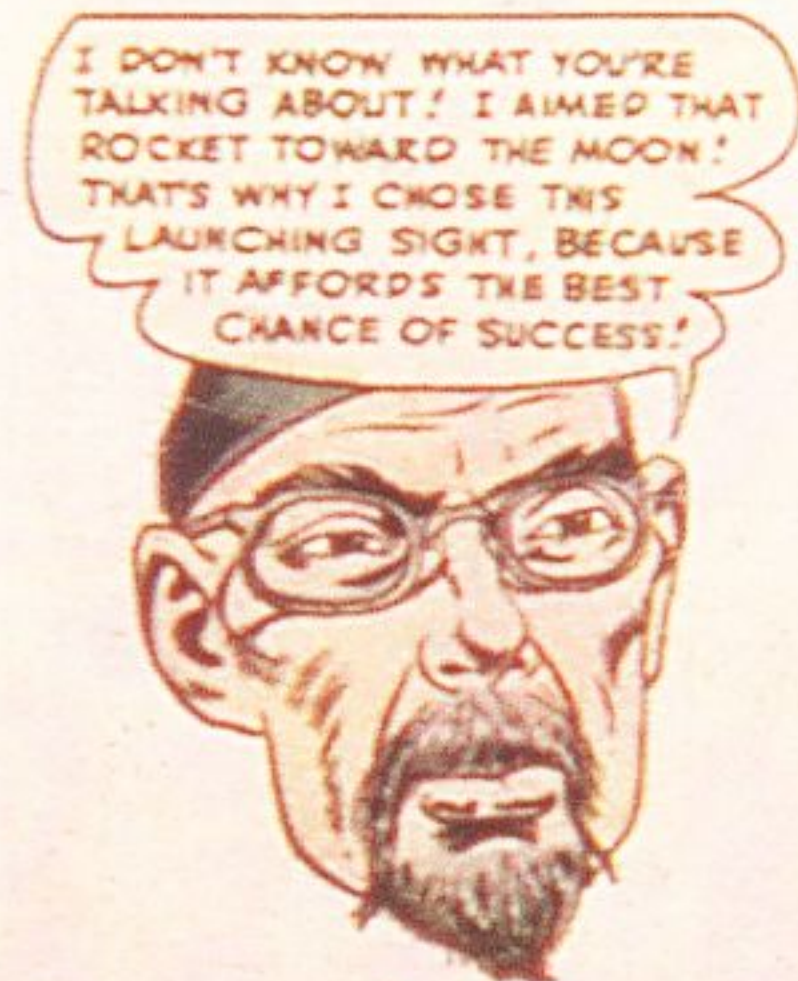
THE RED DRAGON SOCIETY  
HAS BEEN A BAND OF  
OUTLAWS AND MURDERERS  
FOR CENTURIES! BUT  
THEY'LL NOT BE SWITCH-  
ING THEIR TAILS SOON  
AGAIN! THEY'VE LOST  
FACE! AND NOBODY  
WILL BE AFRAID OF  
THEM ANYMORE!







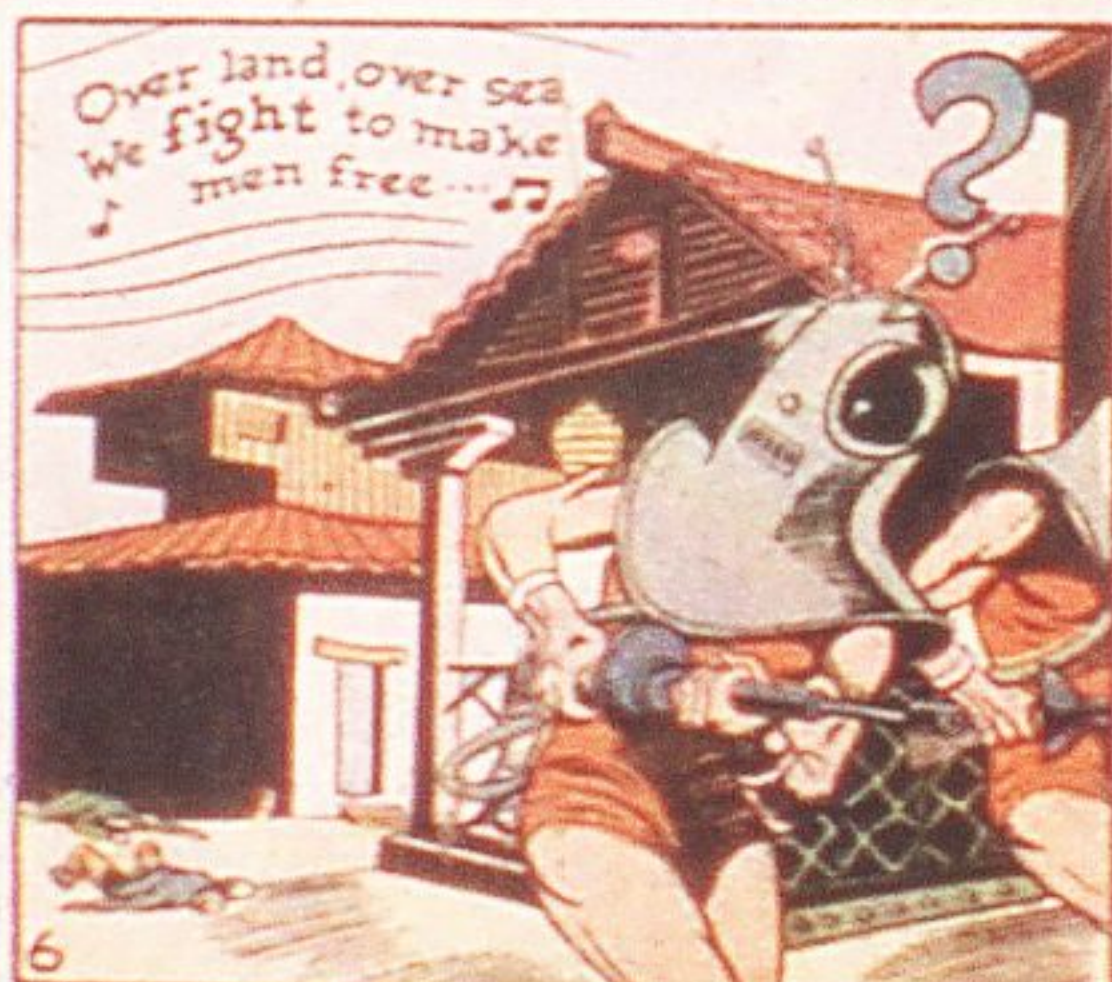




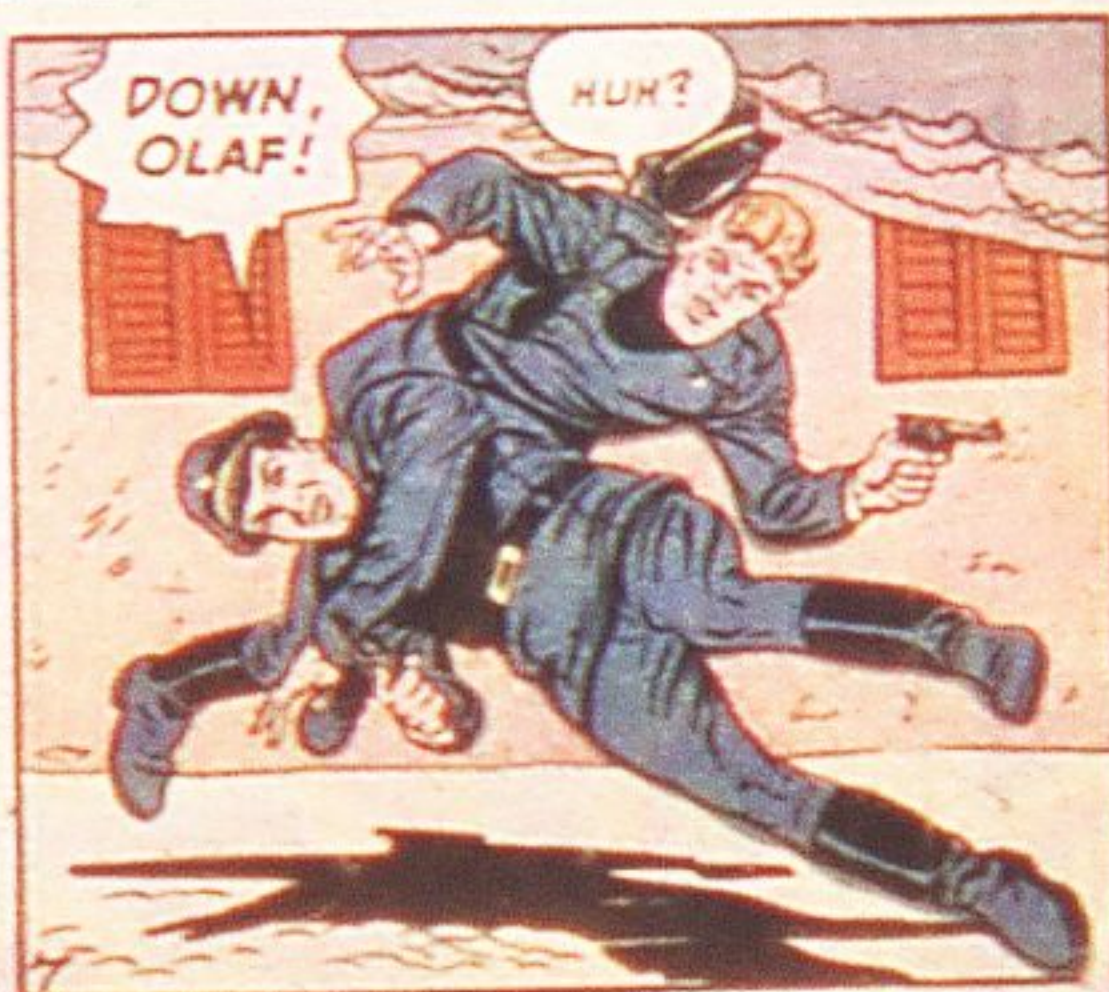




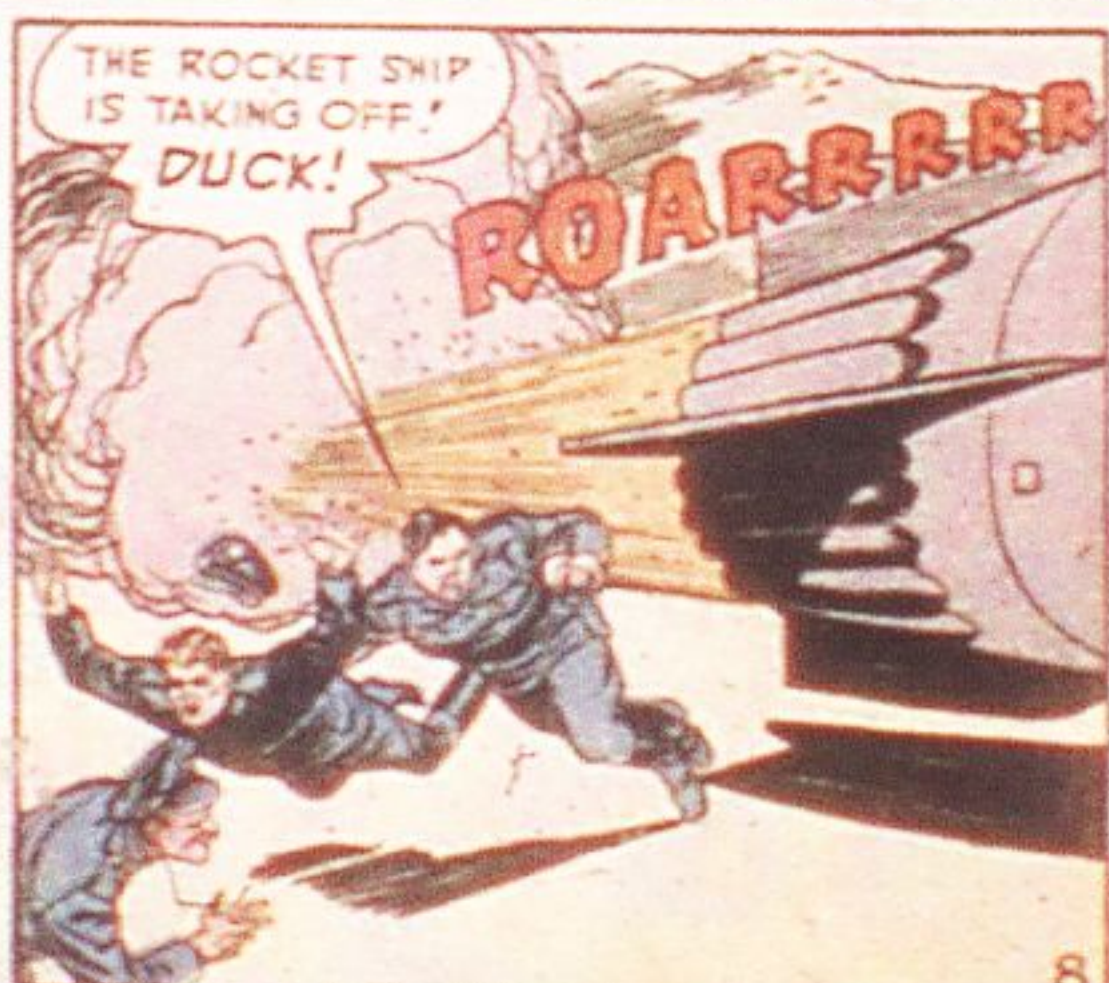
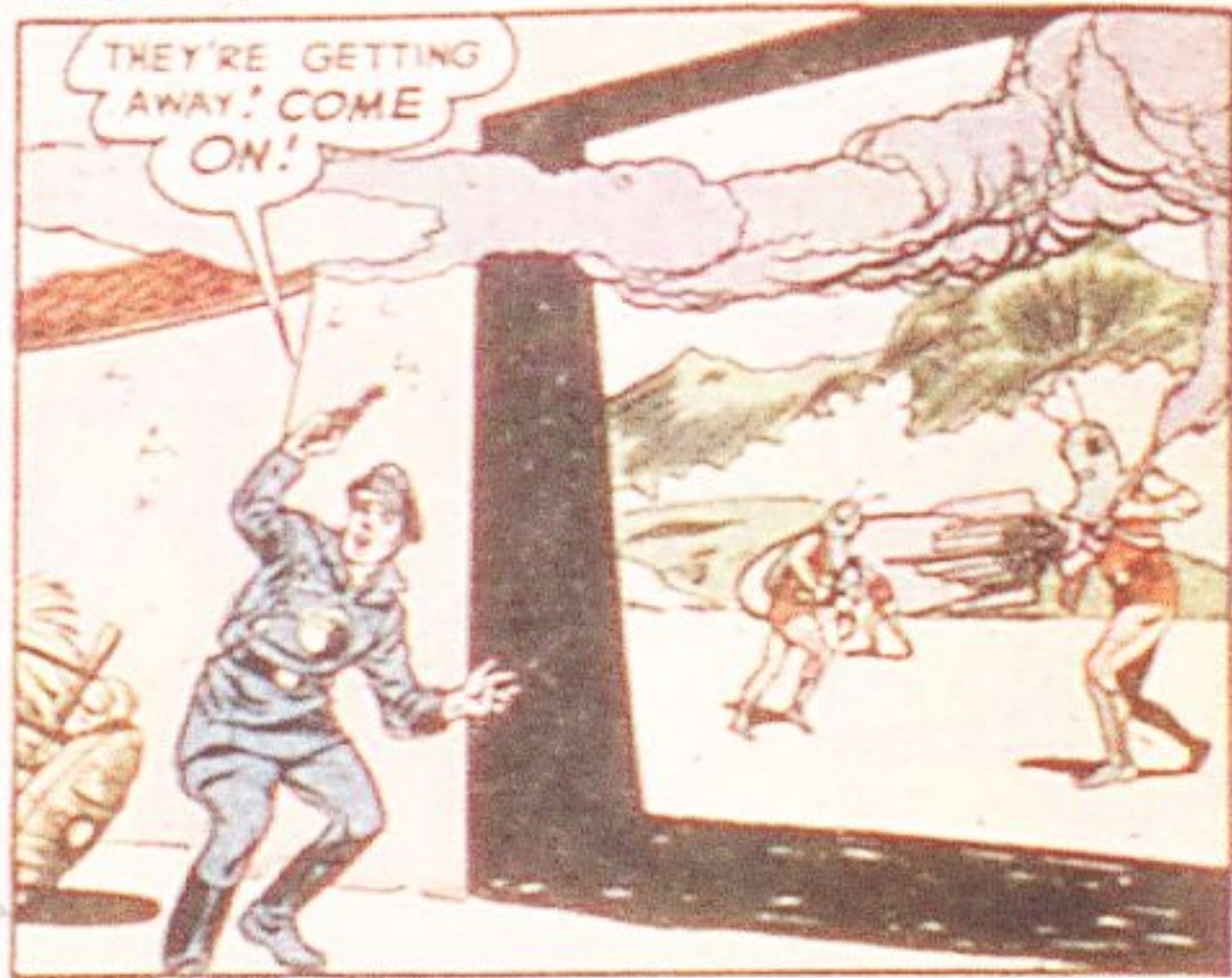
















THERE IT GOES... ALMOST TOO FAST TO SEE!

CHUCK, SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT ABOUT THOSE MEN. WE'D BETTER SEE PROFESSOR AMOK AGAIN!



Later...

THEN THEIR ROCKET SHIP ZOOMED AWAY IN A TRAIL OF FIRE! WHAT KIND OF MEN WERE THEY, PROFESSOR?

NOT EARTH BEINGS, CERTAINLY! THIS IS PROOF OF ONE OF MY MOST CHERISHED THEORIES! MY MESSAGE ARRIVED AND IT BROUGHT BACK AN ANSWER I HARDLY DARED HOPE FOR!



THERE IS LIFE ON THE MOON... BEINGS AS INTELLIGENT AS WE ARE, WHETHER HUMAN OR NOT! THAT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION!

YOU - YOU MEAN THEY WERE MOON MEN?



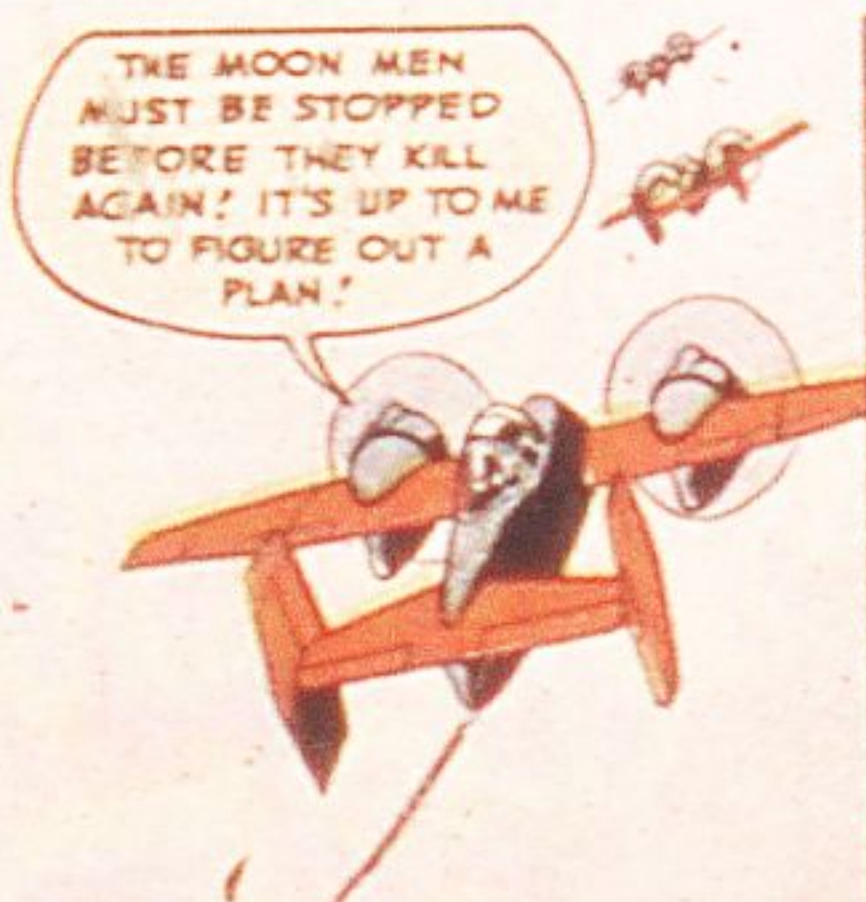
EXACTLY! SOMEHOW, I MUST ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH THEM! IT WILL BE THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH OF THE AGE! IMAGINE WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS IN FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE BETWEEN OUR EARTH AND THE MOON!

THOSE MEN DIDN'T SEEM VERY FRIENDLY TO ME! IN FACT, THEY WERE DOWNRIGHT MURDEROUS!

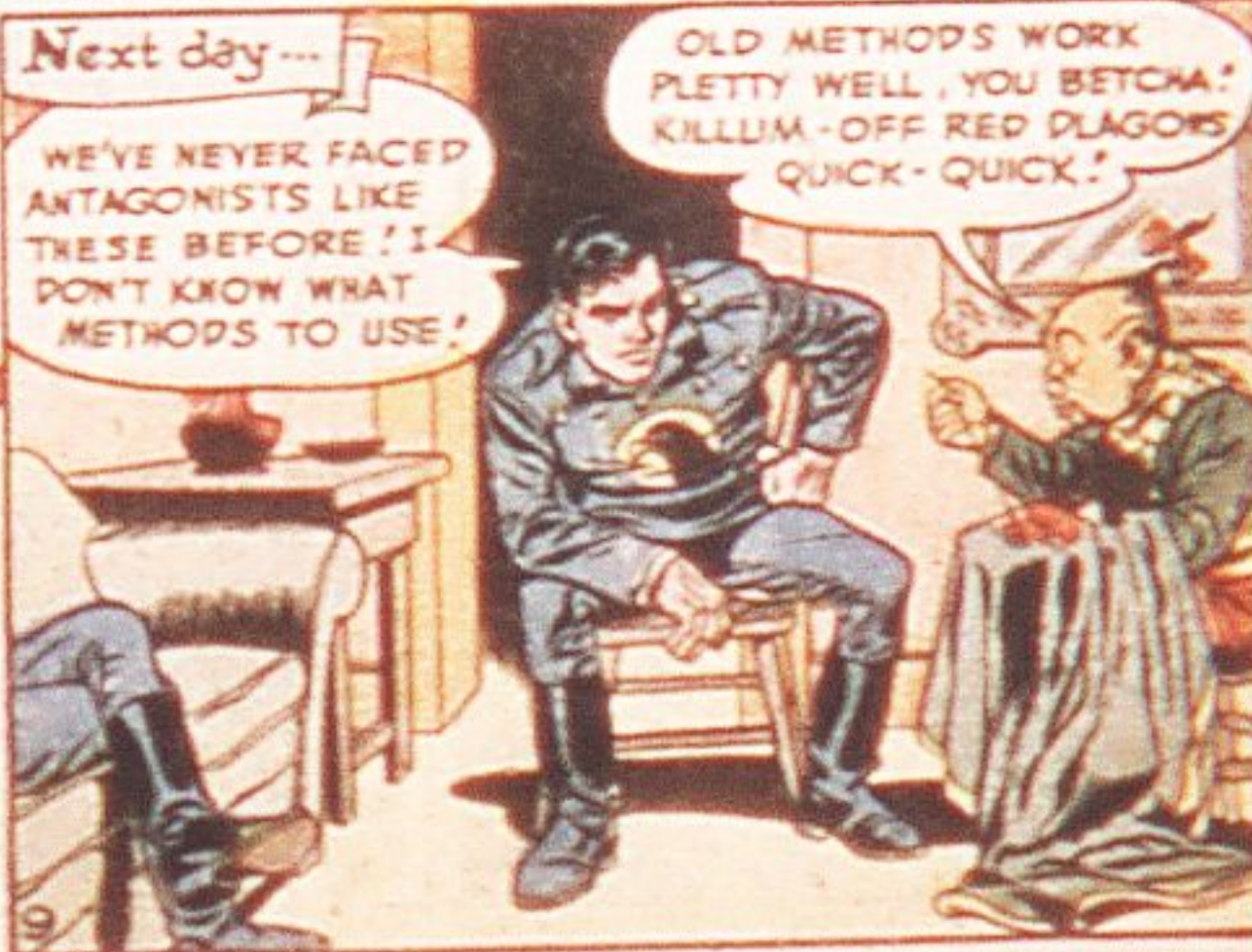


I'LL KNOW MORE ABOUT THE MOON MEN WHEN I'VE EXAMINED THE BODIES OF THE UNFORTUNATE CHINESE WHO WERE SLAIN! AT LEAST, I'LL KNOW THE KIND OF WEAPONS THEY USE!

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T SHARE YOUR PURELY SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY, PROFESSOR!



THE MOON MEN MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE THEY KILL AGAIN! IT'S UP TO ME TO FIGURE OUT A PLAN!

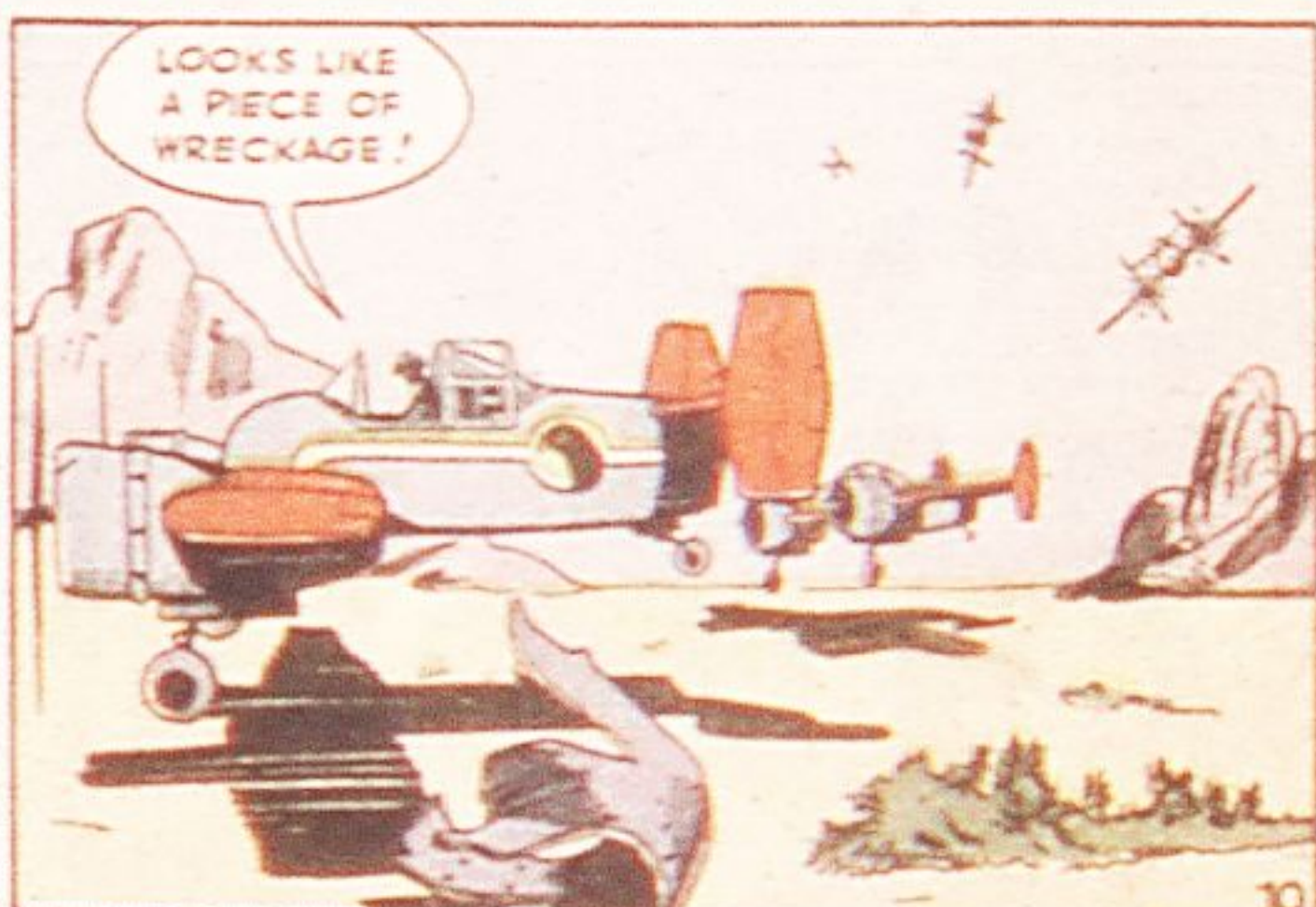


Next day...

WE'VE NEVER FACED ANTAGONISTS LIKE THESE BEFORE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT METHODS TO USE!

OLD METHODS WORK PLETTY WELL, YOU BETCHA! KILLUM-OFF RED DRAGONS QUICK-QUICK!









SOMETHING **MOST** UNUSUAL! THIS METAL IS **NOT** FROM ANY SPACE SHIP!



THE ROCKET NEVER REACHED ITS DESTINATION! IT EXPLODED! THEN THE MOON MEN **COULDN'T** HAVE RECEIVED ANY MESSAGE FROM EARTH!



**TWEET! TWEET!**



NOW YOU KNOW THE TRUTH! YES, I AM A SPY FOR THE RED DRAGONS! I WAS ASSIGNED HERE TO LEARN WHAT I COULD OF PROFESSOR AMOX'S ROCKETS!



USING THE INFORMATION I PROVIDED, THE RED DRAGONS WERE ABLE TO BUILD A ROCKET SHIP! BUT MANY OF US HAD BEEN WIPE OUT IN THE BATTLE WITH THE BLACKHAWKS AND THE PEOPLE NO LONGER FEARED US!



DON'T MOVE, BLACKHAWK!



I NEVER OBEY ORDERS!

NOW IS CHANCE!









THE OTHERS ARE DEAD! BUT I'LL ESCAPE!



OH, GLACIOUS ME!

CRASH!



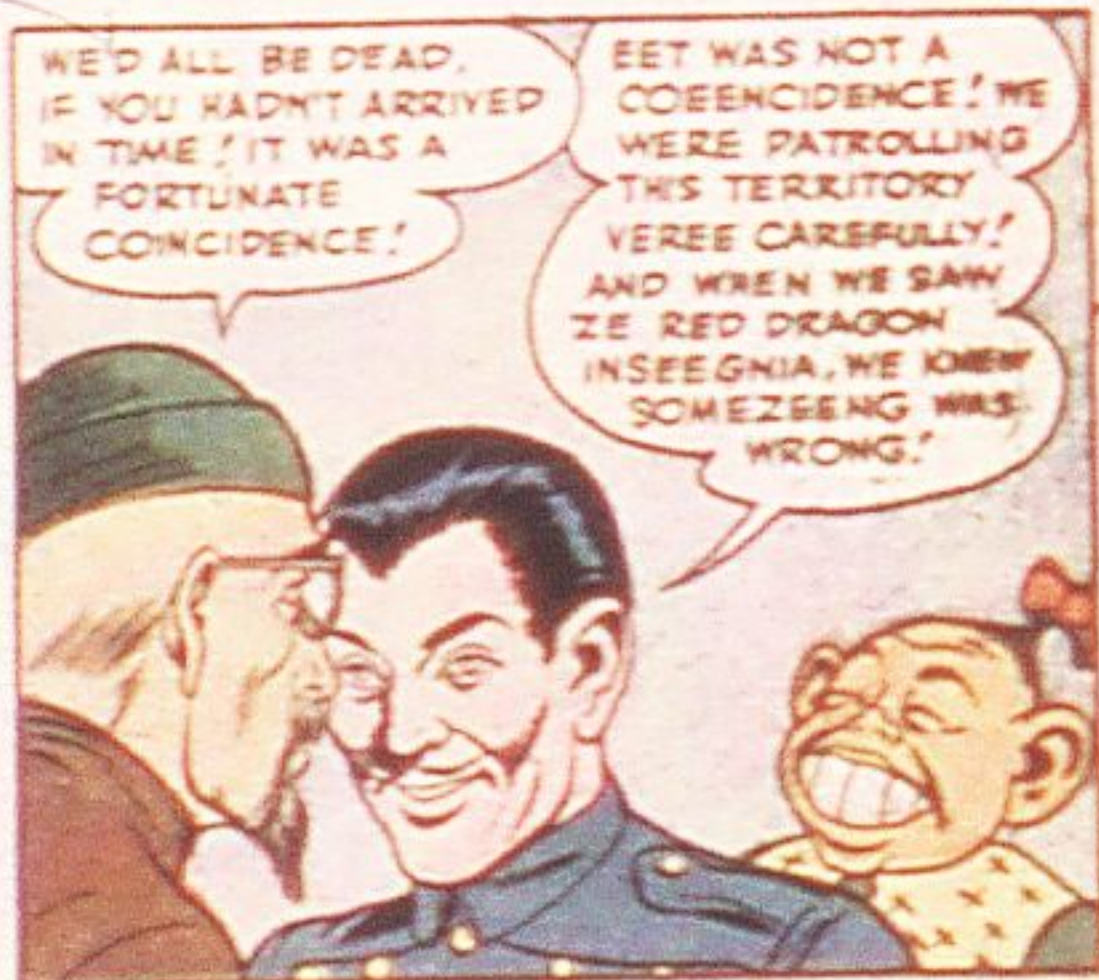
MISSY NOT VELLY GOOD PILOT! THIS HUMBLE PERSON THINK SHE IS DEAD! TCH! TCH!



Later...

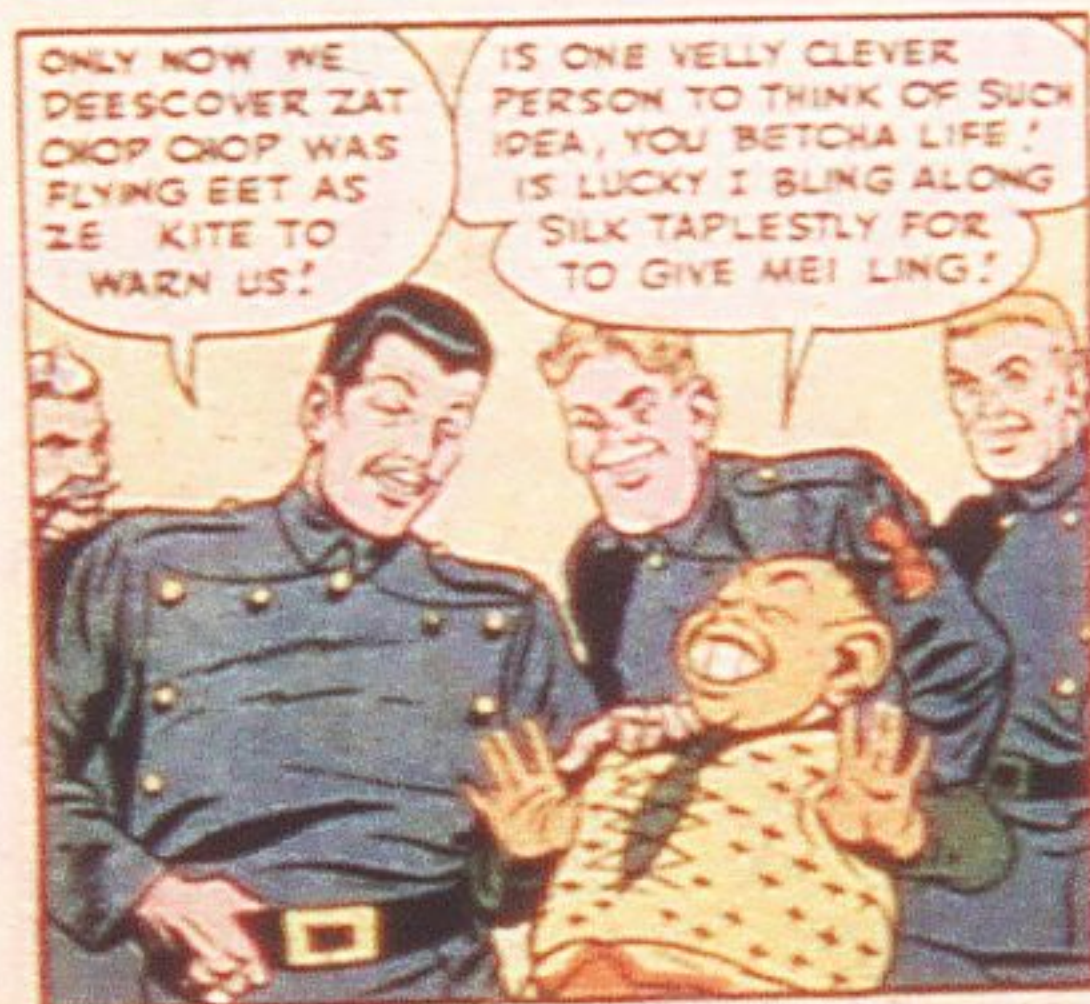
WELL, WE LIVE, PROFESSOR?

YES, BUT HE'LL BE A VERY SICK FELLOW FOR A WHILE! LUCKILY, HE COVERED HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS AND DIDN'T GET THE FULL EFFECTS OF THE GAS!



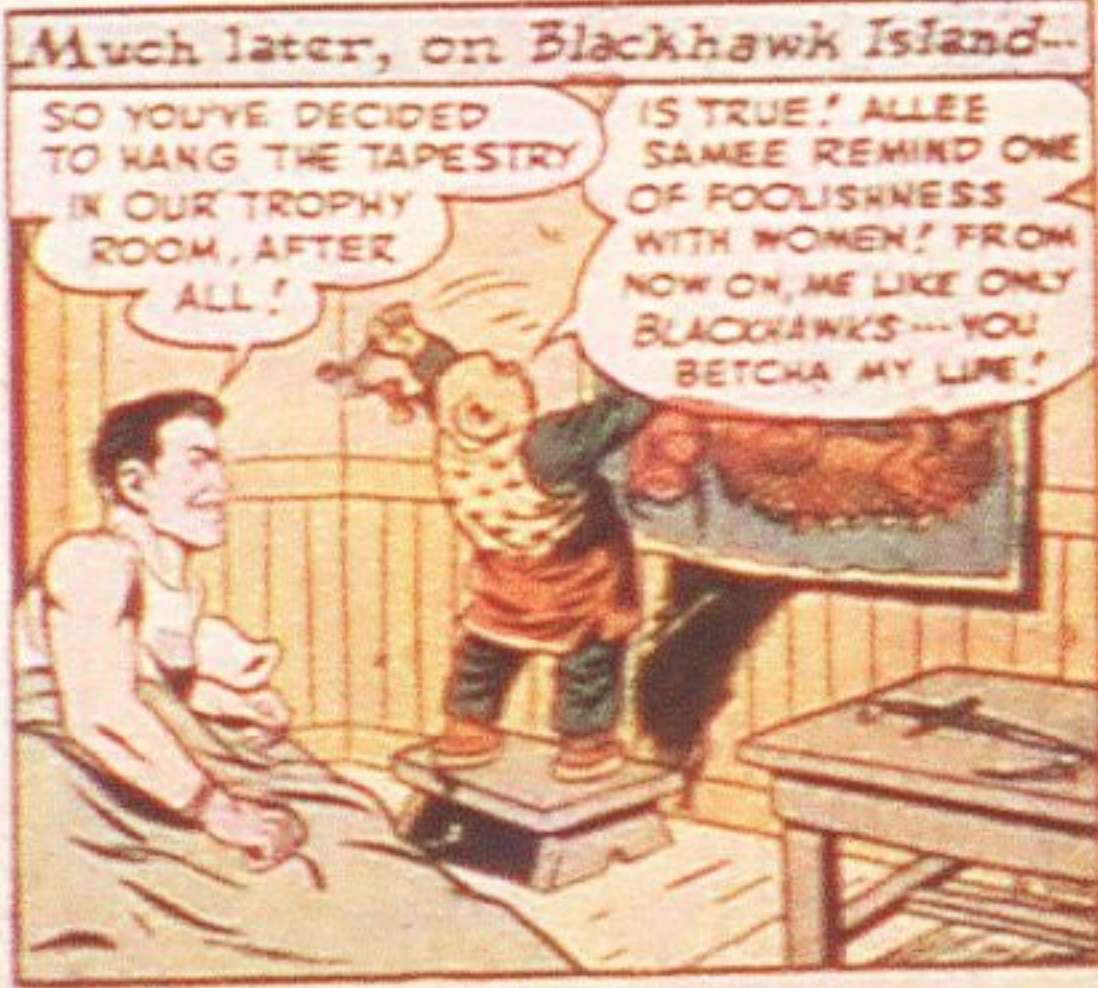
WE'D ALL BE DEAD, IF YOU HADN'T ARRIVED IN TIME! IT WAS A FORTUNATE COINCIDENCE!

EET WAS NOT A COEINCIDENCE! WE WERE PATROLLING THIS TERRITORY VEREE CAREFULLY! AND WREN WE SAW ZE RED DRAGON INSEGNIA, WE KNEW SOMEEZENG WAS WRONG!



ONLY NOW WE DEESCOVER ZAT CHOP CHOP WAS FLYING EET AS ZE KITE TO WARN US!

IS ONE VELLY CLEVER PERSON TO THINK OF SUCH IDEA, YOU BETCHA LIFE! IS LUCKY I BLING ALONG SILK TAPLESTLY FOR TO GIVE MEI LING!



Much later, on Blackhawk Island--

SO YOU'VE DECIDED TO HANG THE TAPESTRY IN OUR TROPHY ROOM, AFTER ALL!

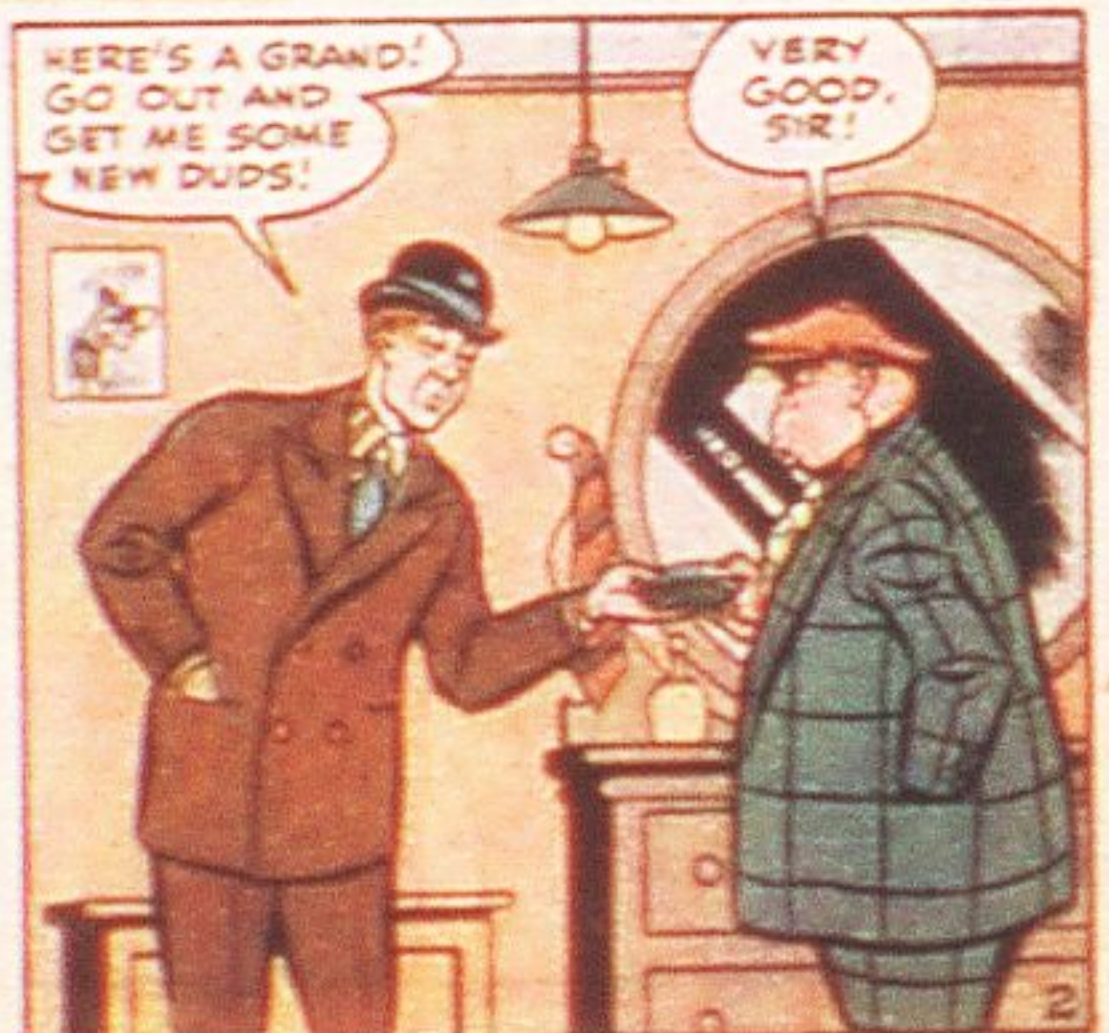
IS TRUE! ALLEE SAMEE REMIND ONE OF FOOLISHNESS WITH WOMEN! FROM NOW ON, ME LIKE ONLY BLACKHAWK'S---YOU BETCHA MY LIFE!



# DOOGTAG



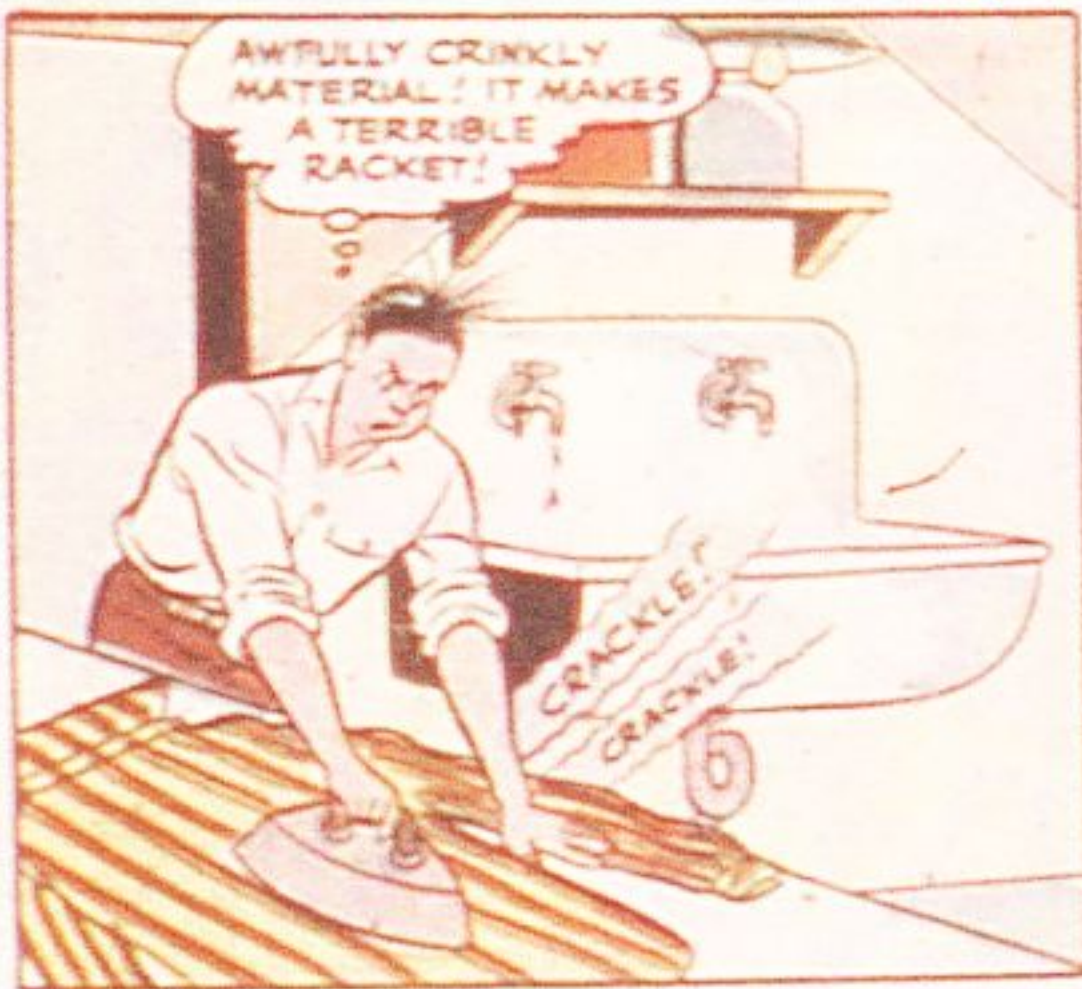








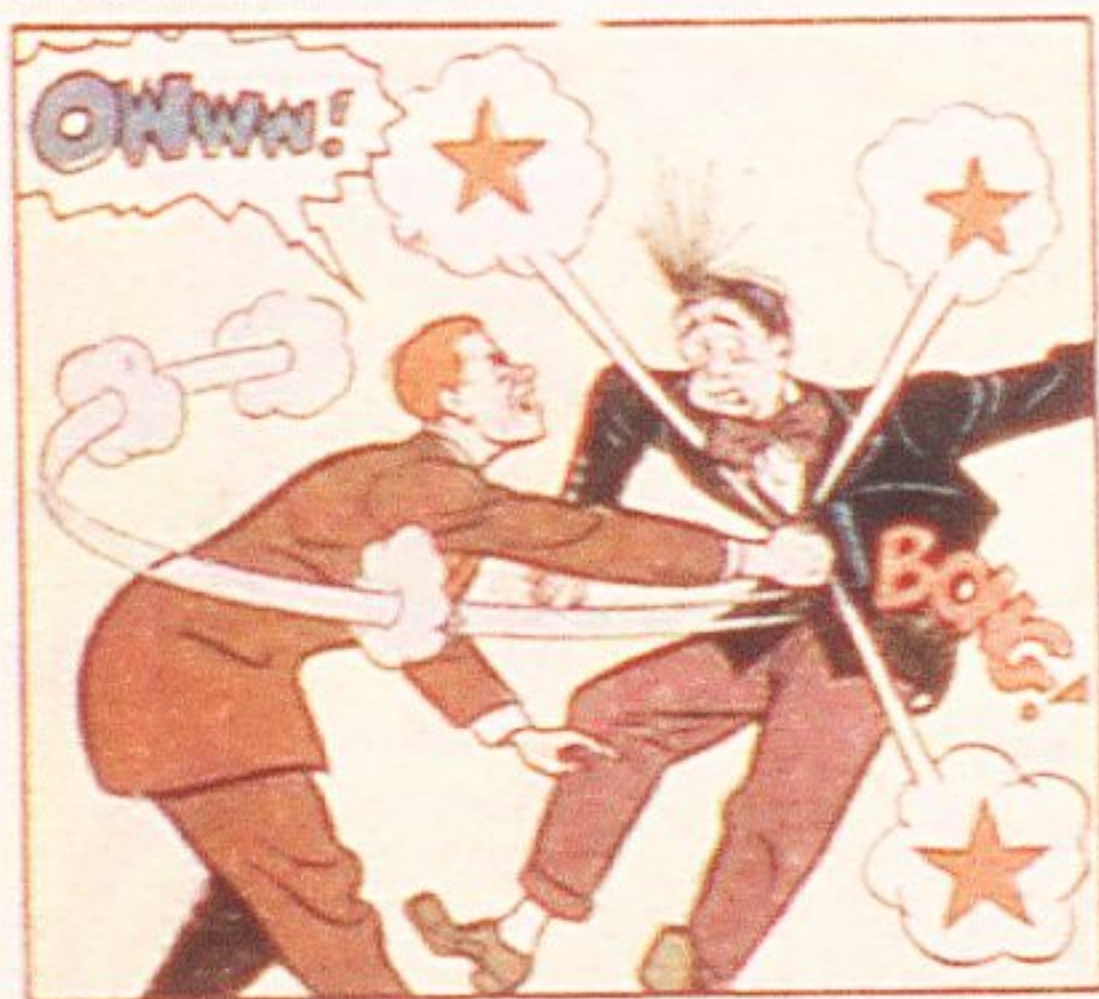














# Torchy

SHE'S MINE!

SHE'S MINE!

EITHER WAY, I LOSE!

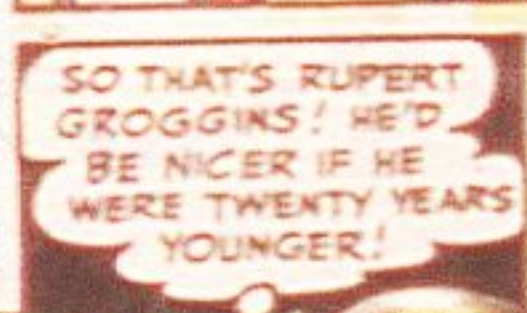


THE BALLY ADVERTISING AGENCY WANTS BATHING SUIT MODELS, AND I CAN USE THE EXTRA MONEY!



YOU'LL DO, MISS TODD! PLEASE WAIT WITH THE OTHER GIRLS UNTIL WE'RE READY FOR YOU!









TERRIFIC!  
HOLD IT!



MANILAYO!  
IT'S  
MANILAYO!

MR. GROGGINS ----  
PLEASE -- WE'VE  
ONLY SHOT ONE  
PICTURE!



AT LAST I'VE  
FOUND YOU  
AGAIN,  
MANILAYO!  
OK, MANILAYO,  
MY BELOVED!

HUH?

PLEASE, MR. GROGGINS,  
GET OUT OF THE  
WAY!



THIS TIME YOU SHALL  
BE MINE, AND NOBODY  
WILL STOP ME! NO! THERE  
IS NO DANDROLO TO  
STEAL YOU  
FROM ME  
NOW!

HEY, PUT  
ME DOWN!  
HELP!



HE'S  
KIDNAPPING  
HER!



TO MY LAIR,  
ABERCROMBIE!

VERY  
GOOD,  
SIR!







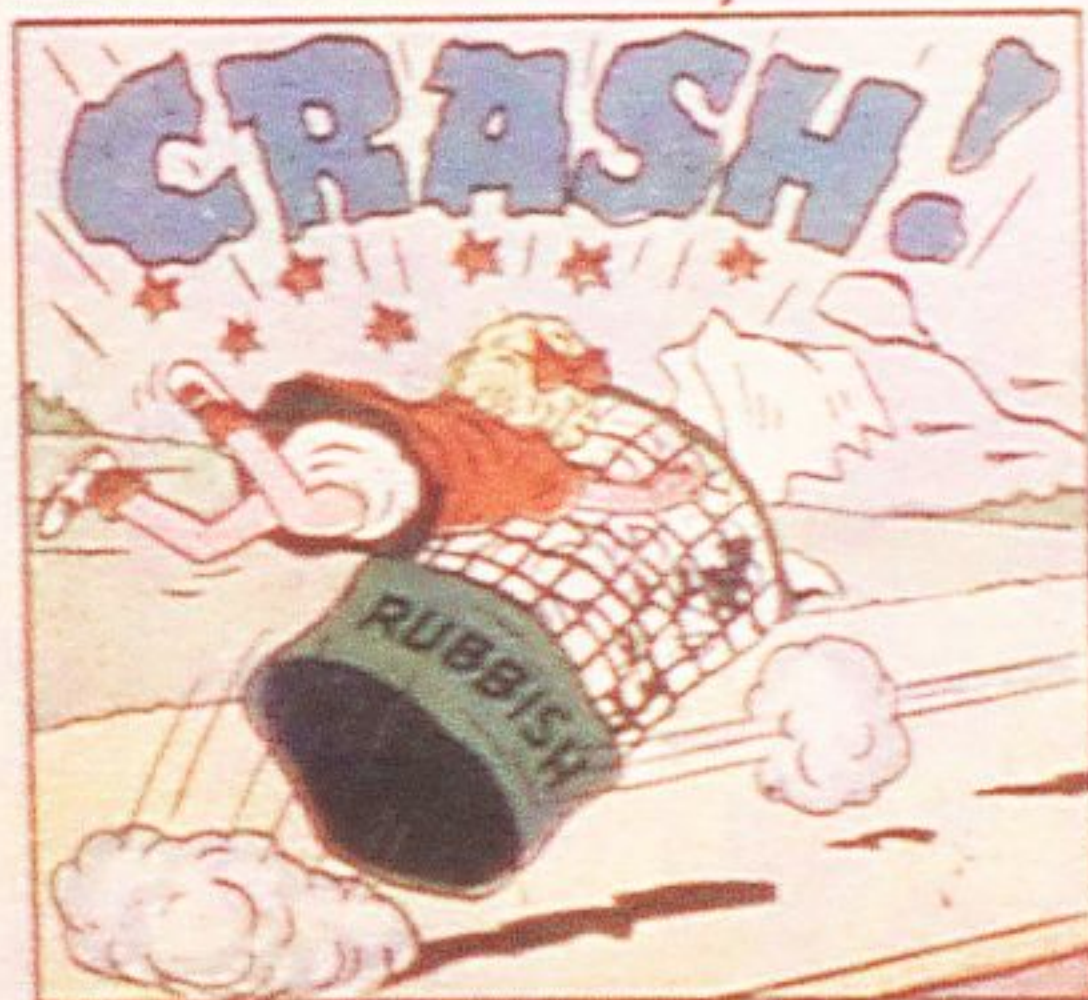
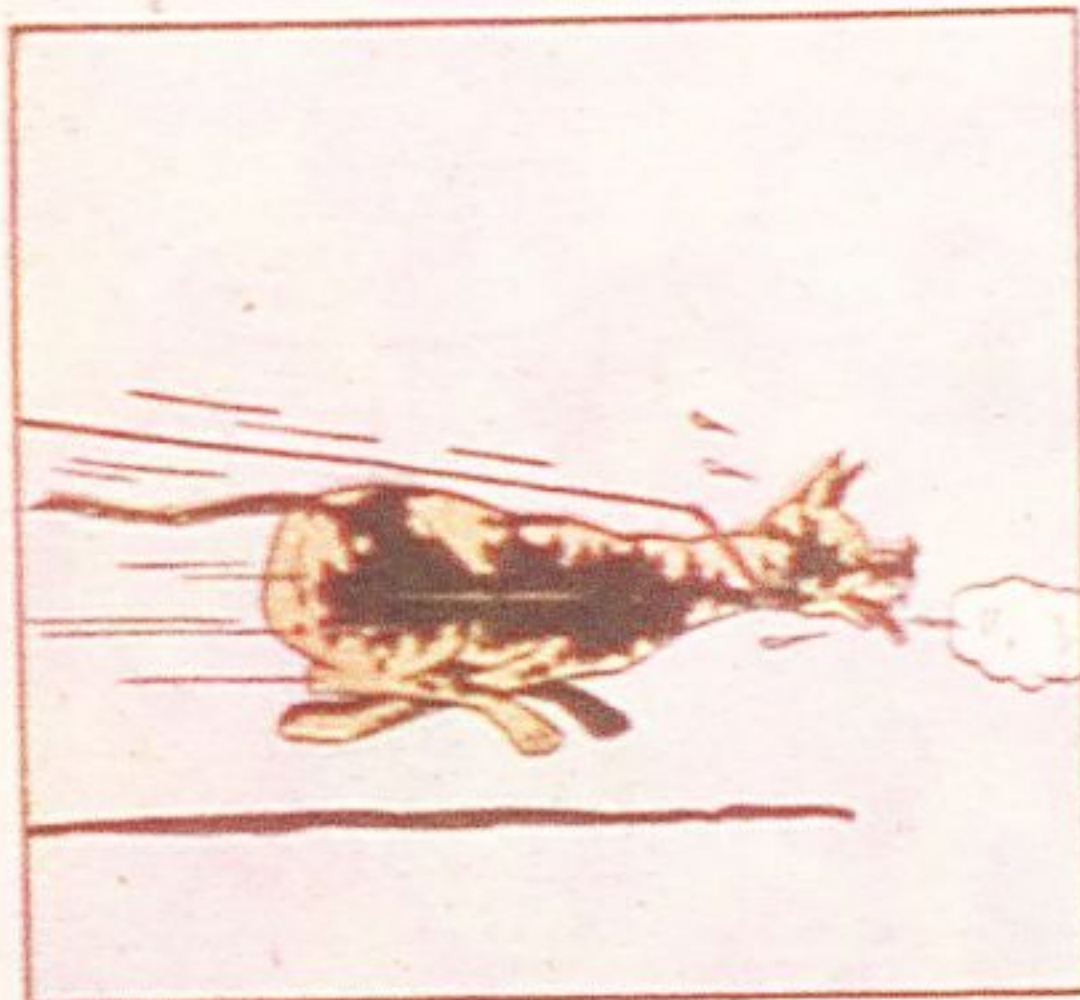
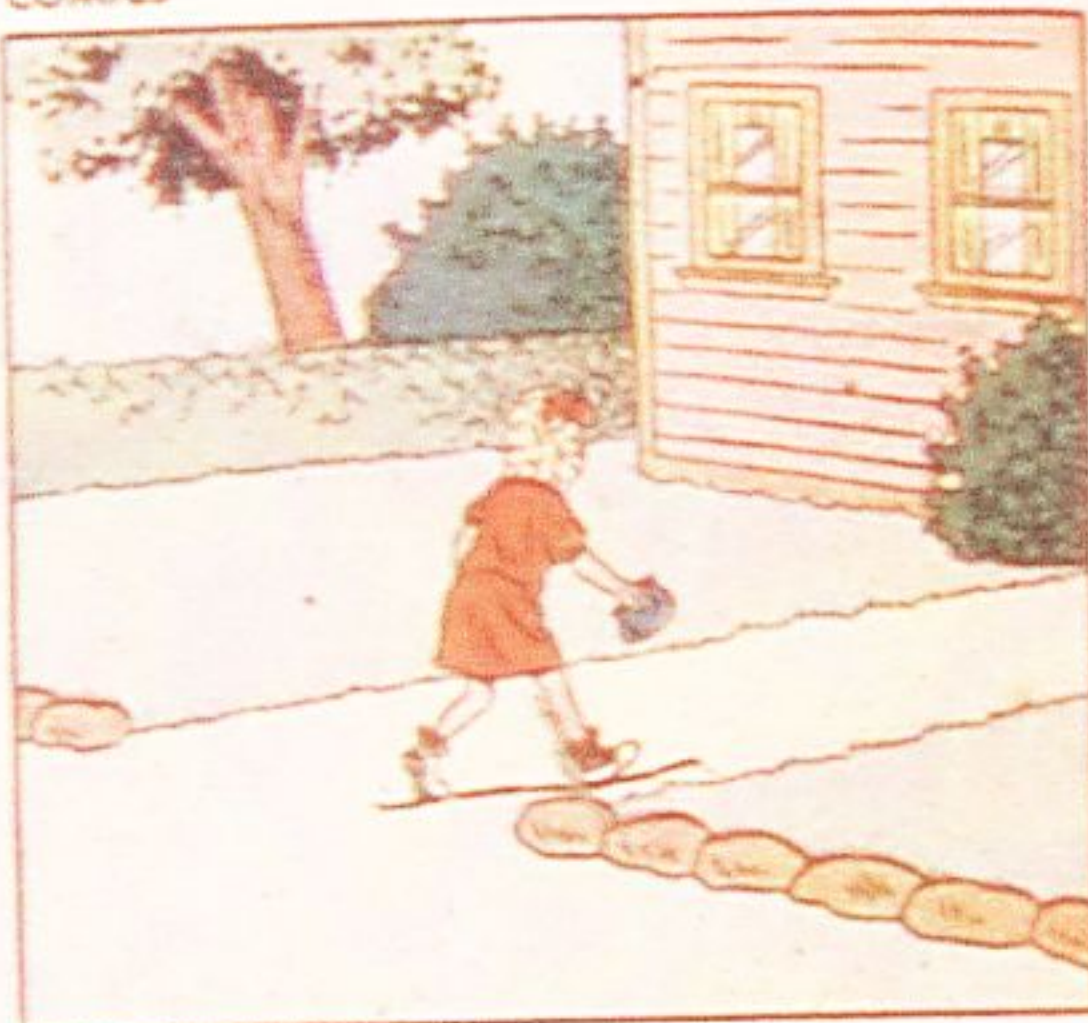






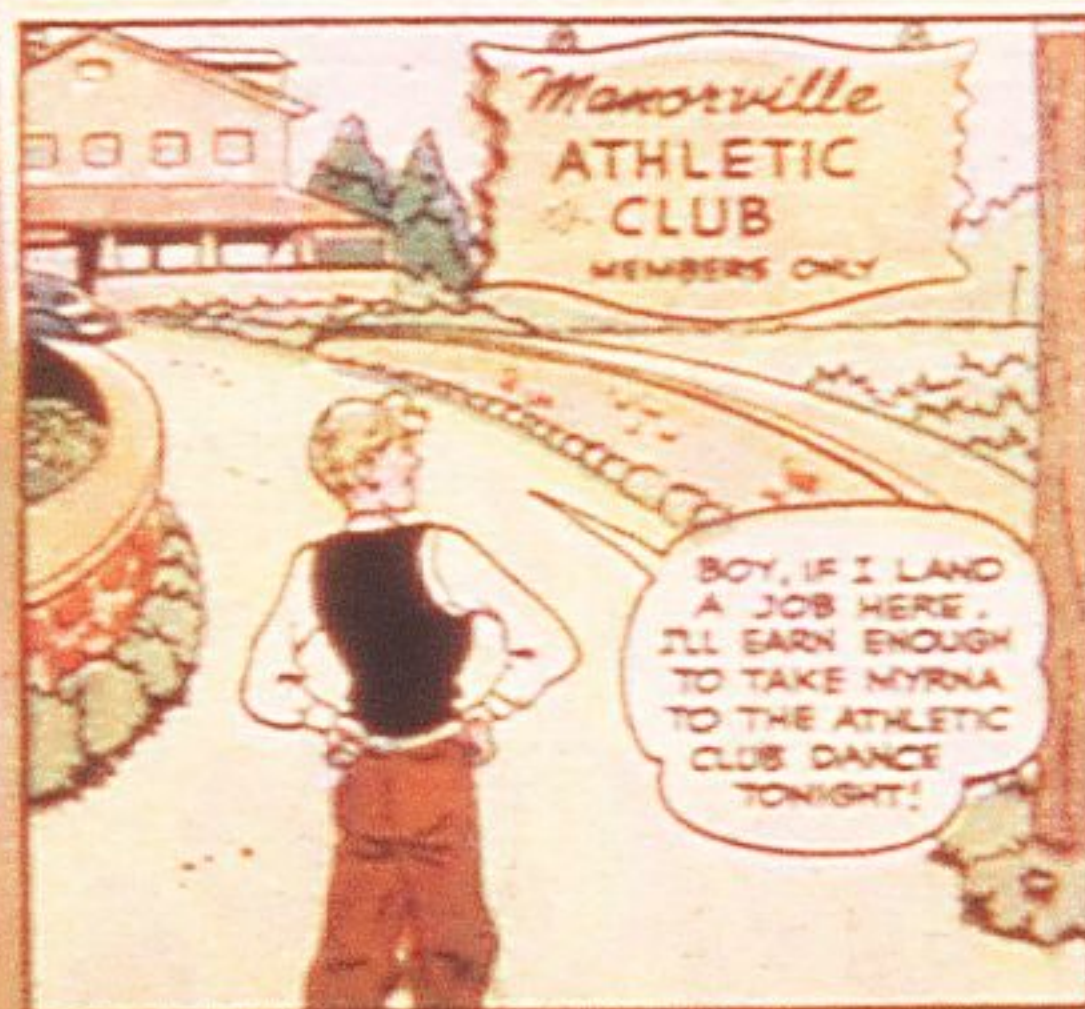


# PRUDENCE

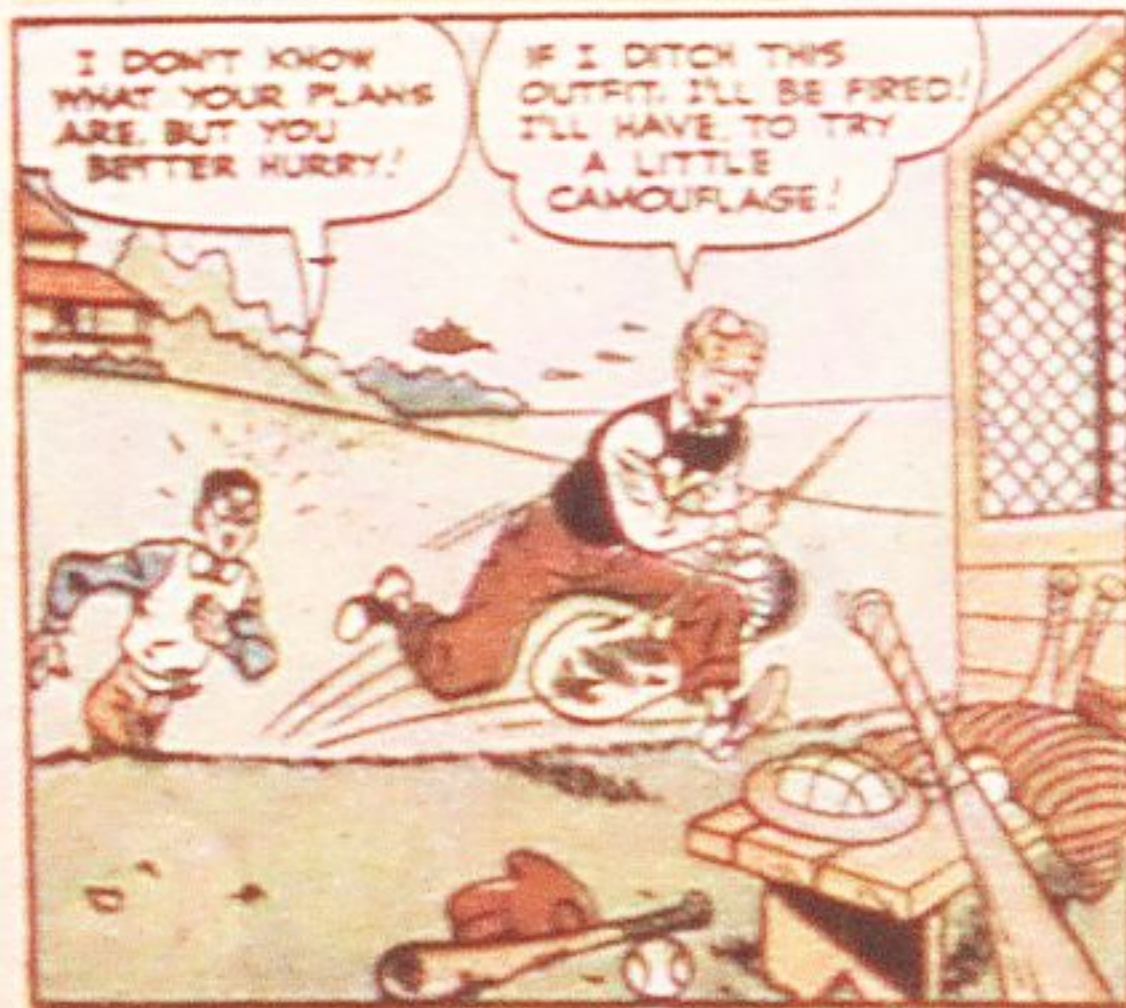




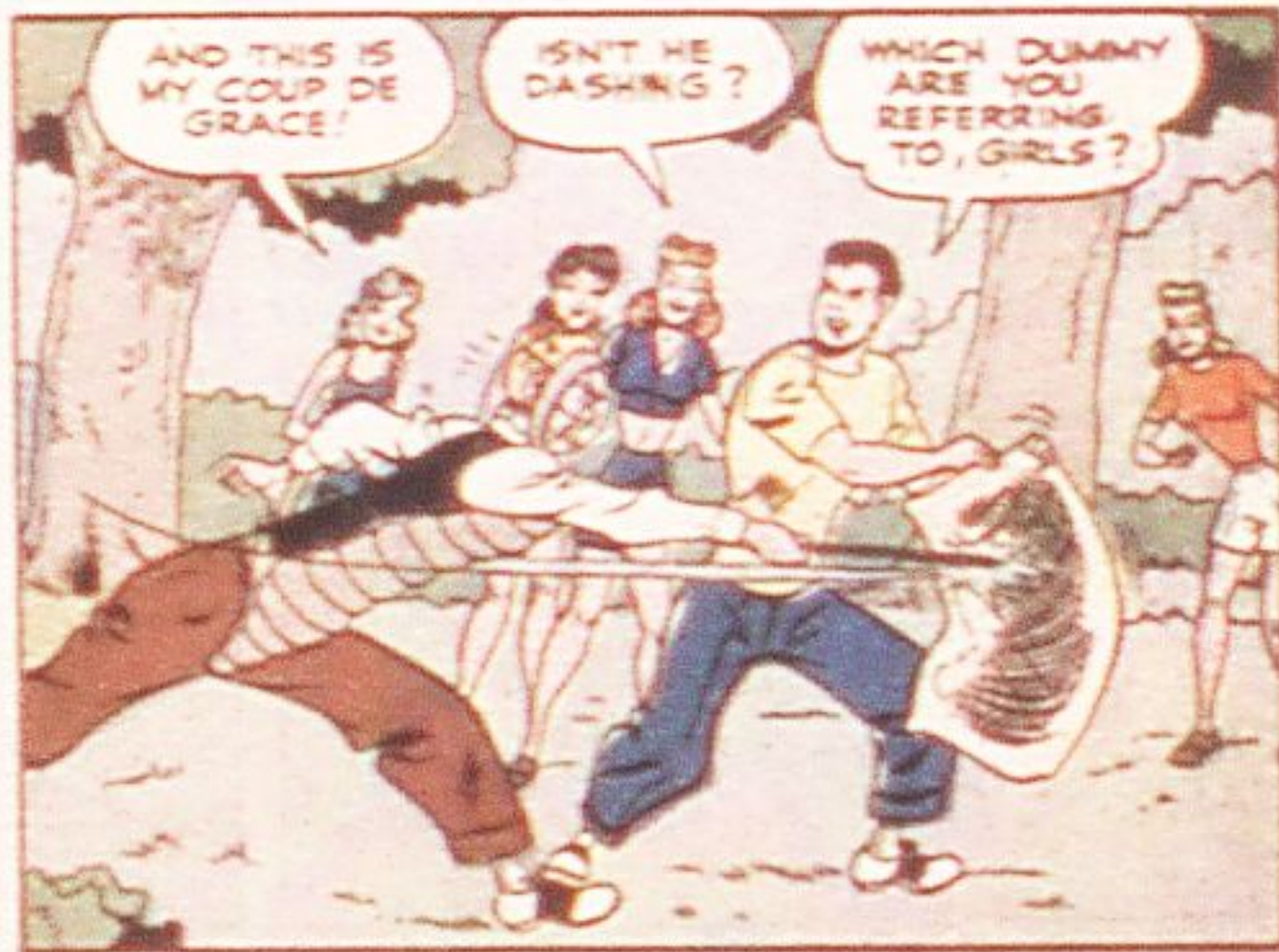
# EZRA



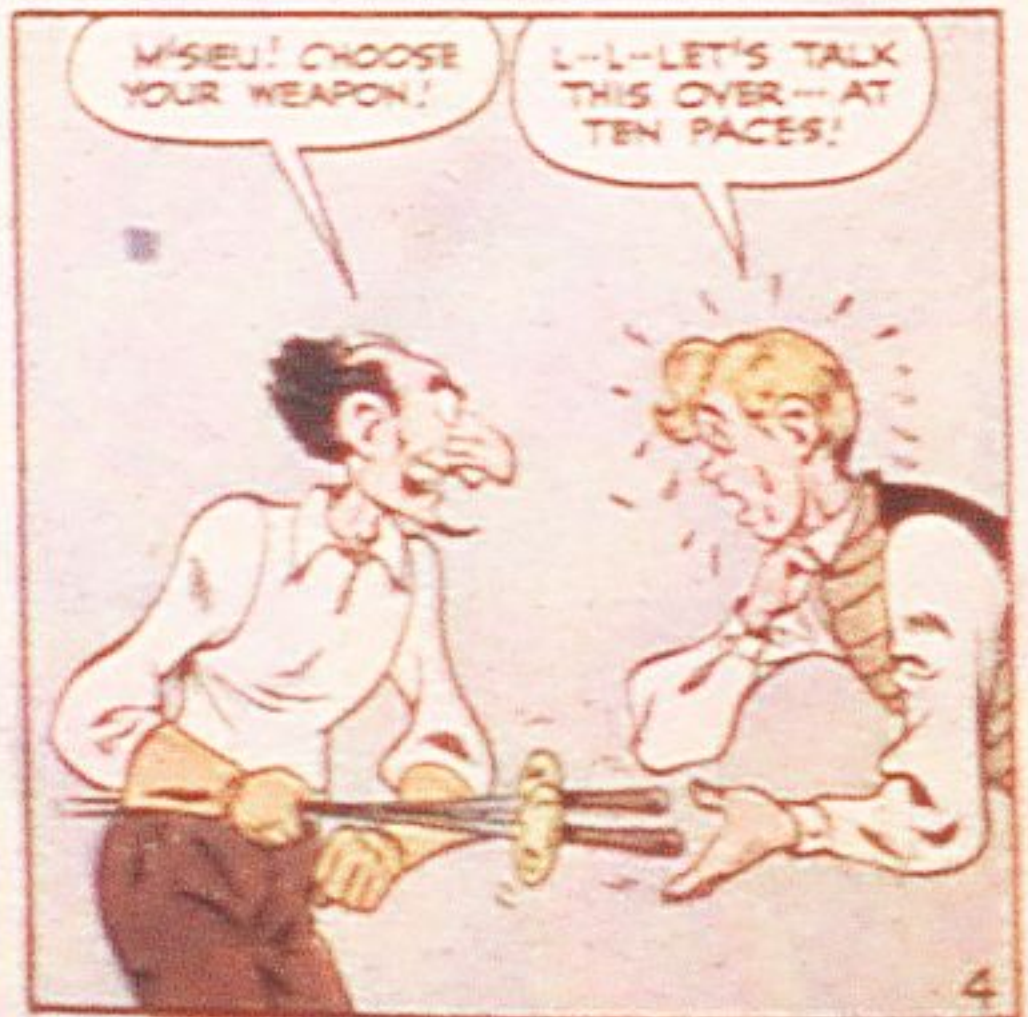
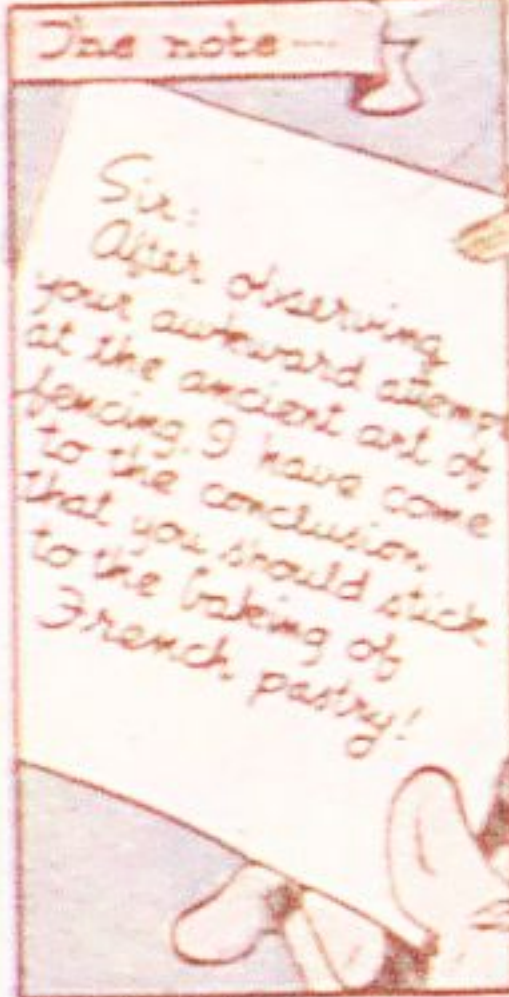




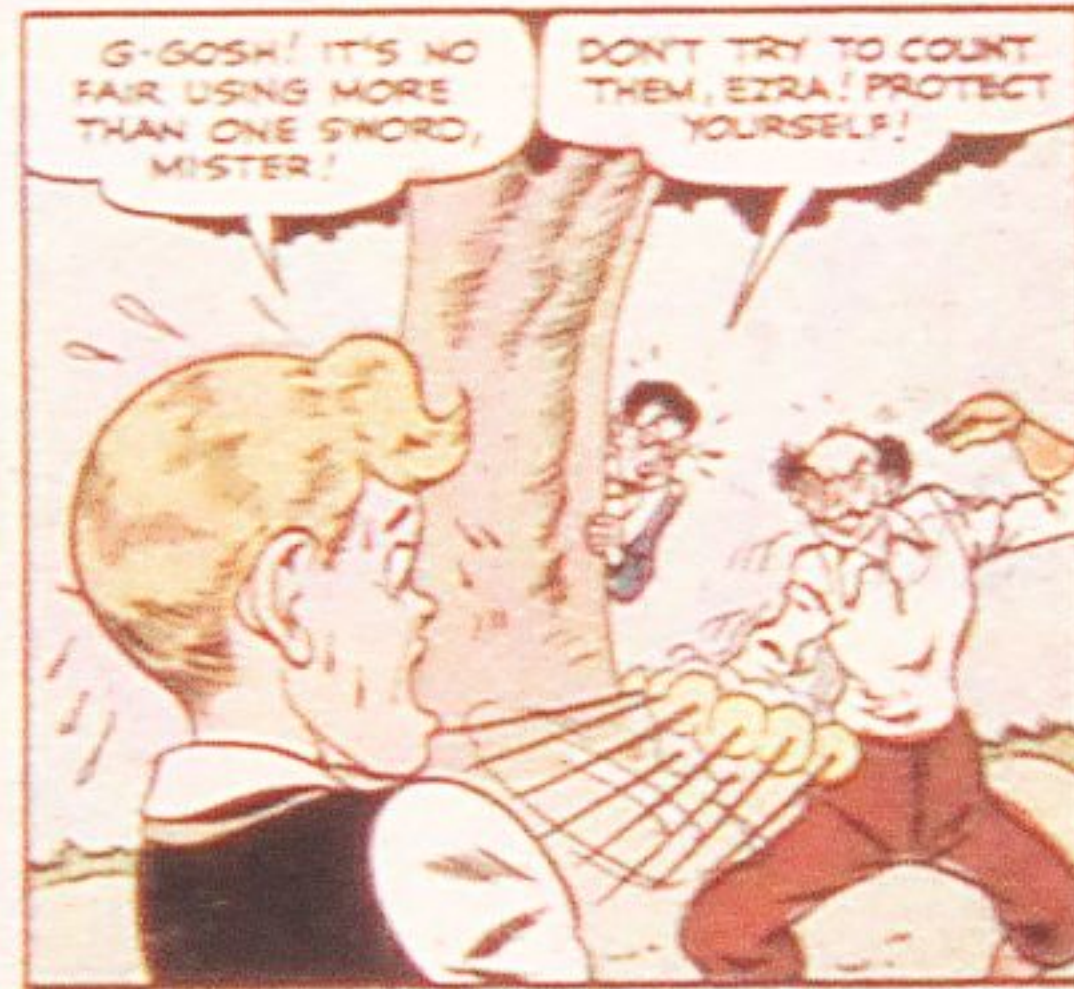
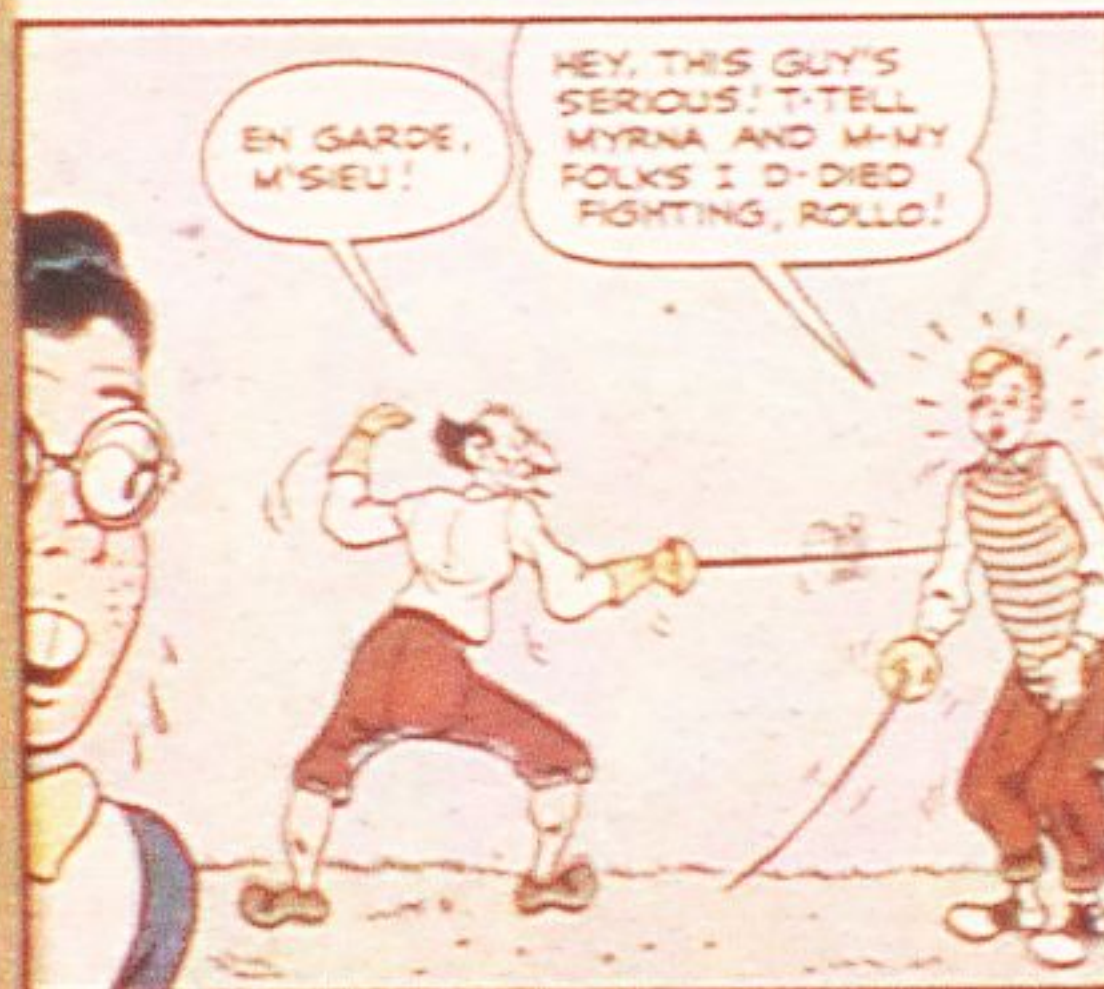




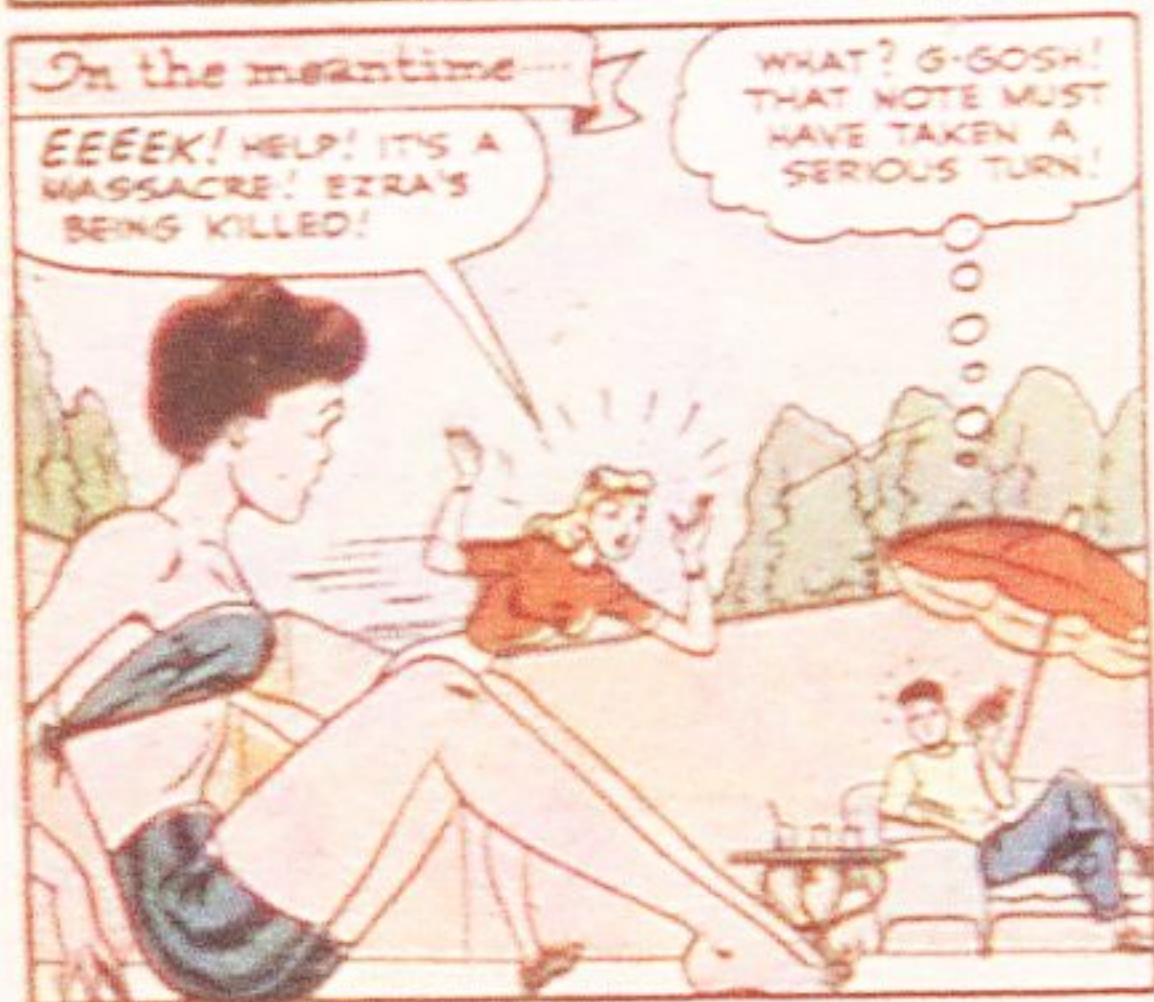










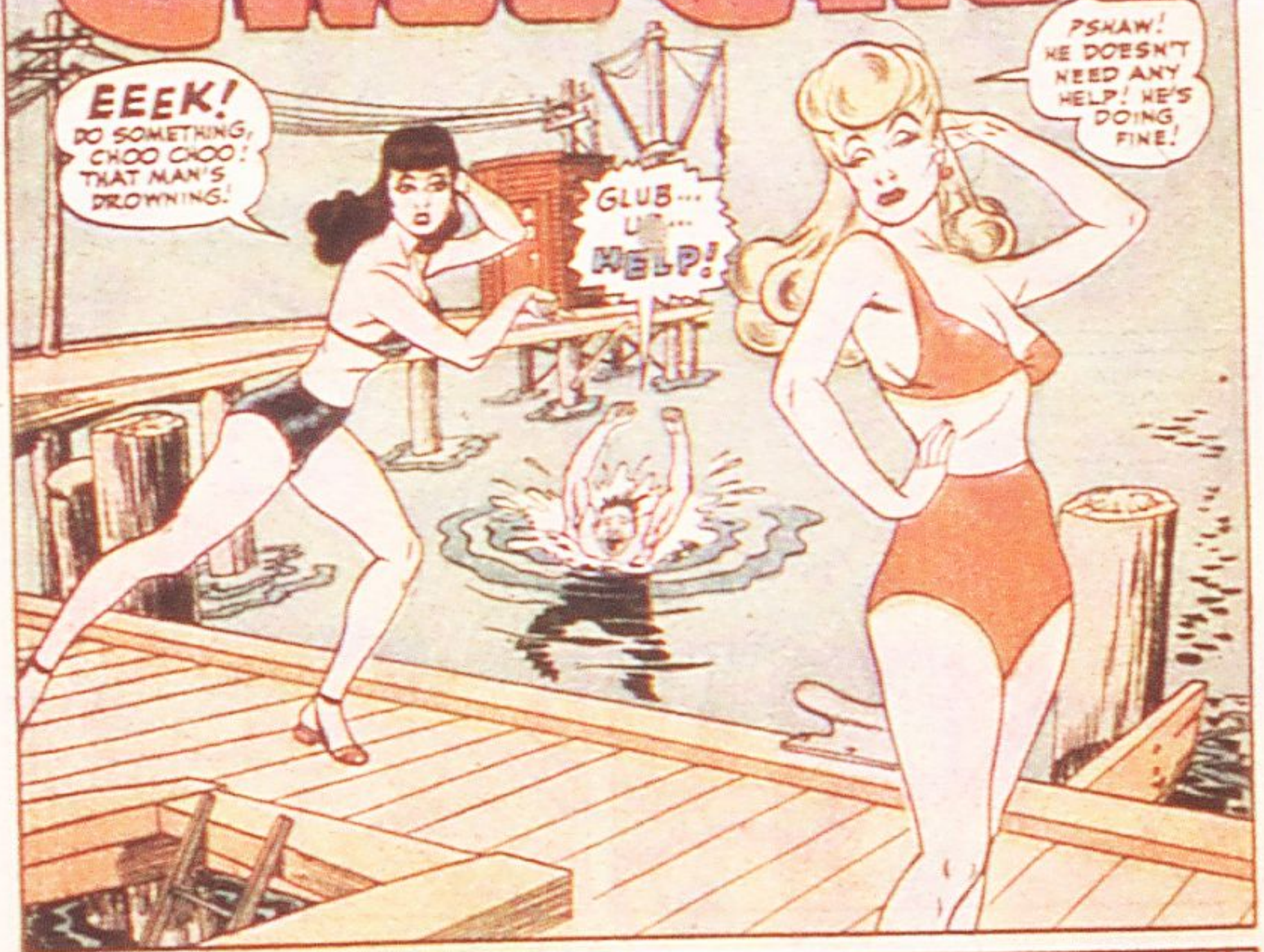




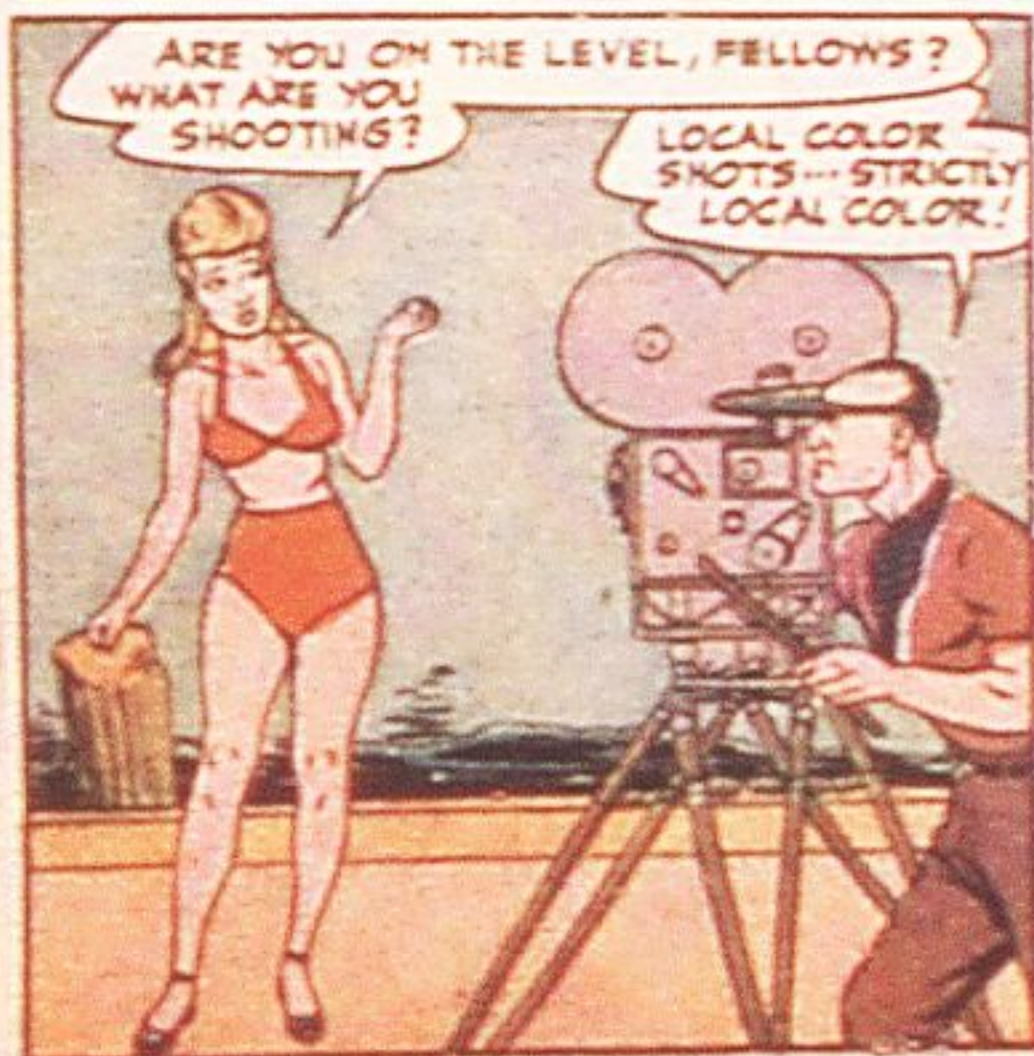
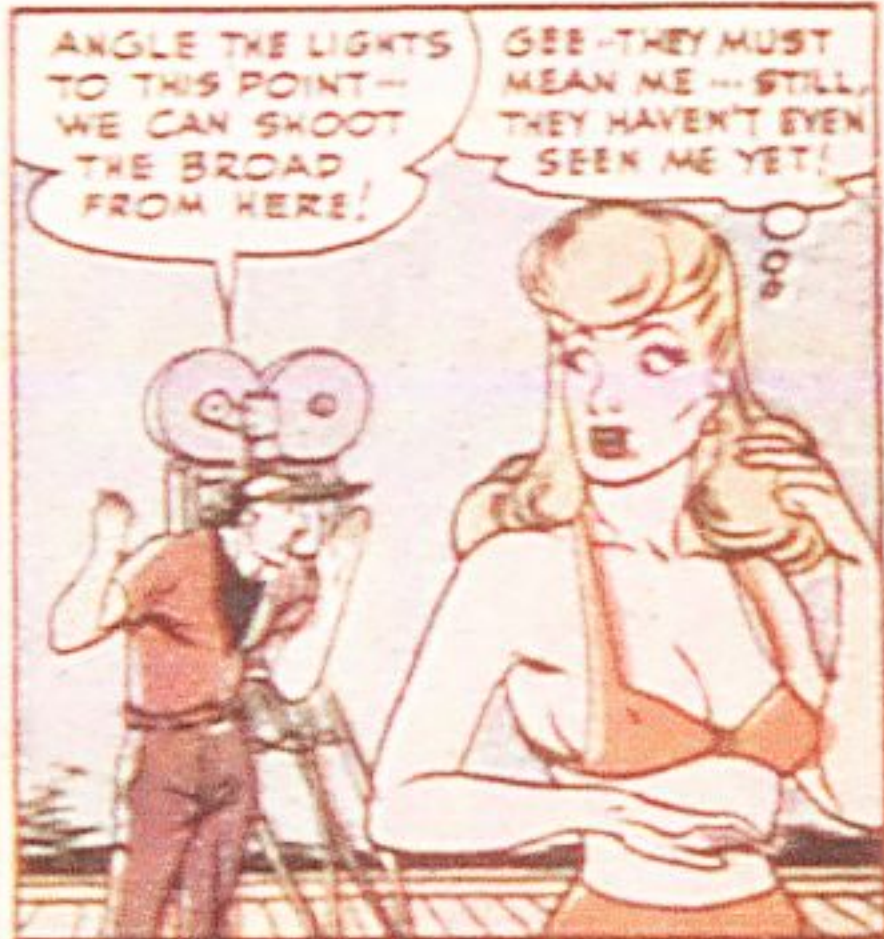
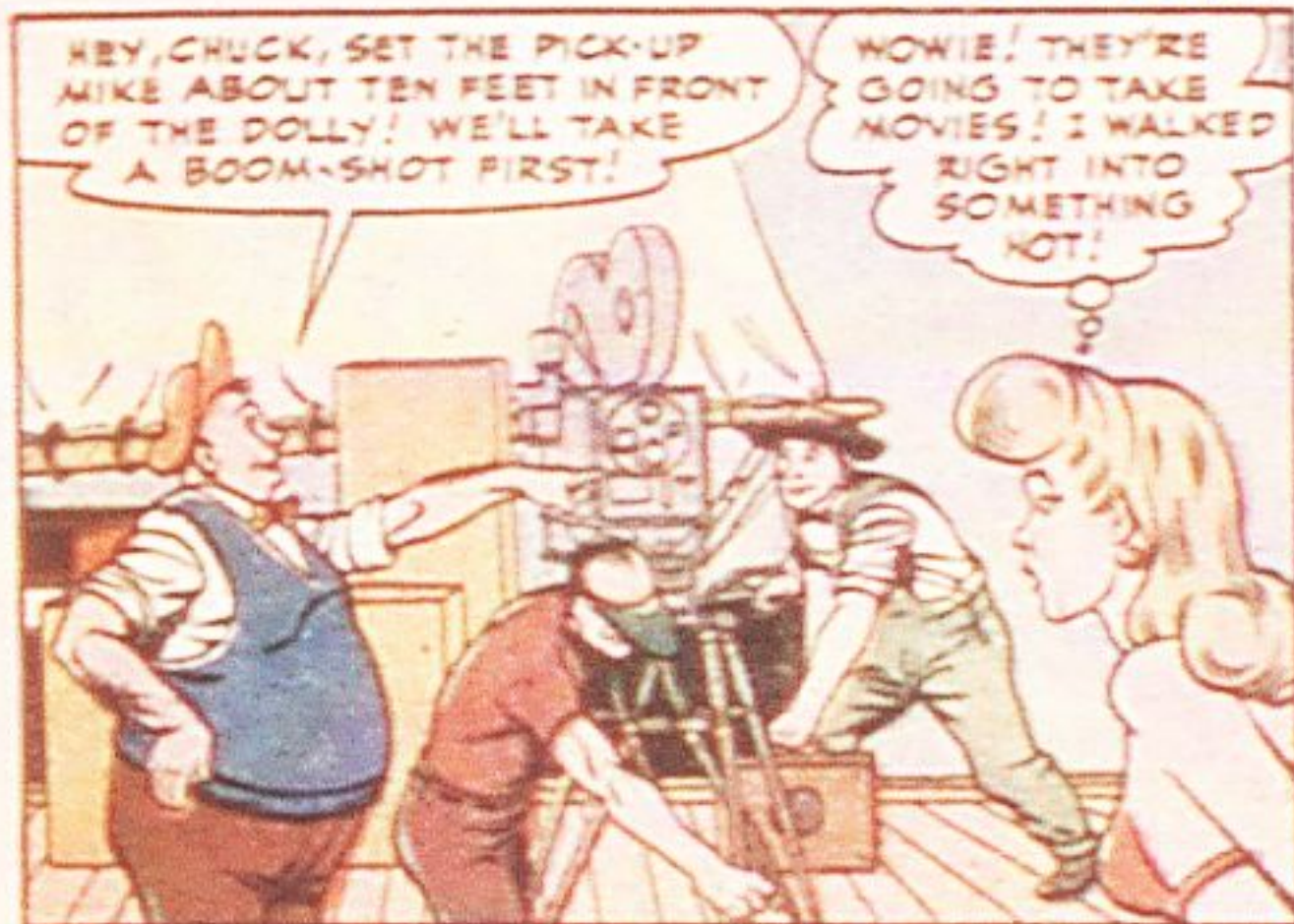




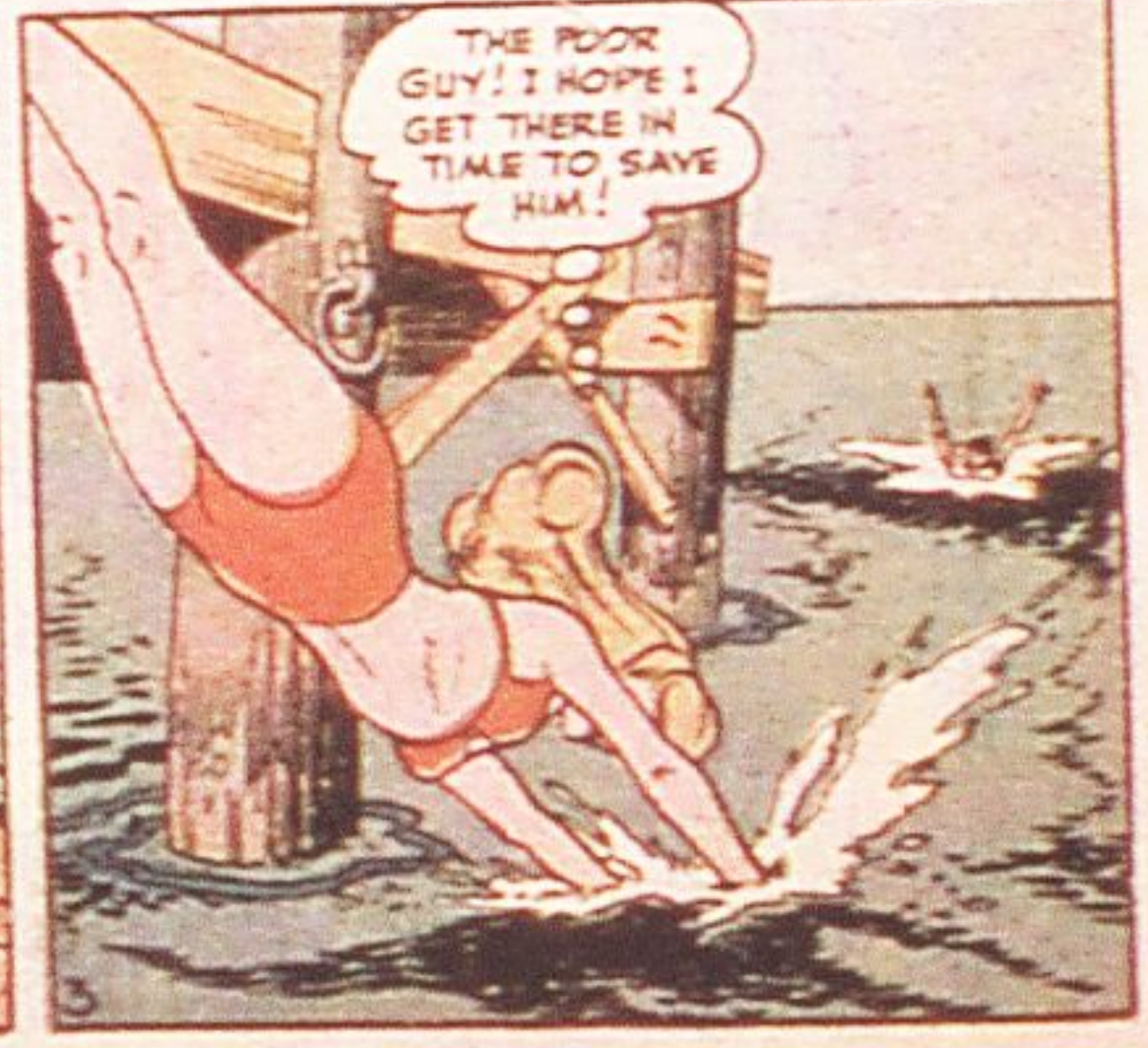
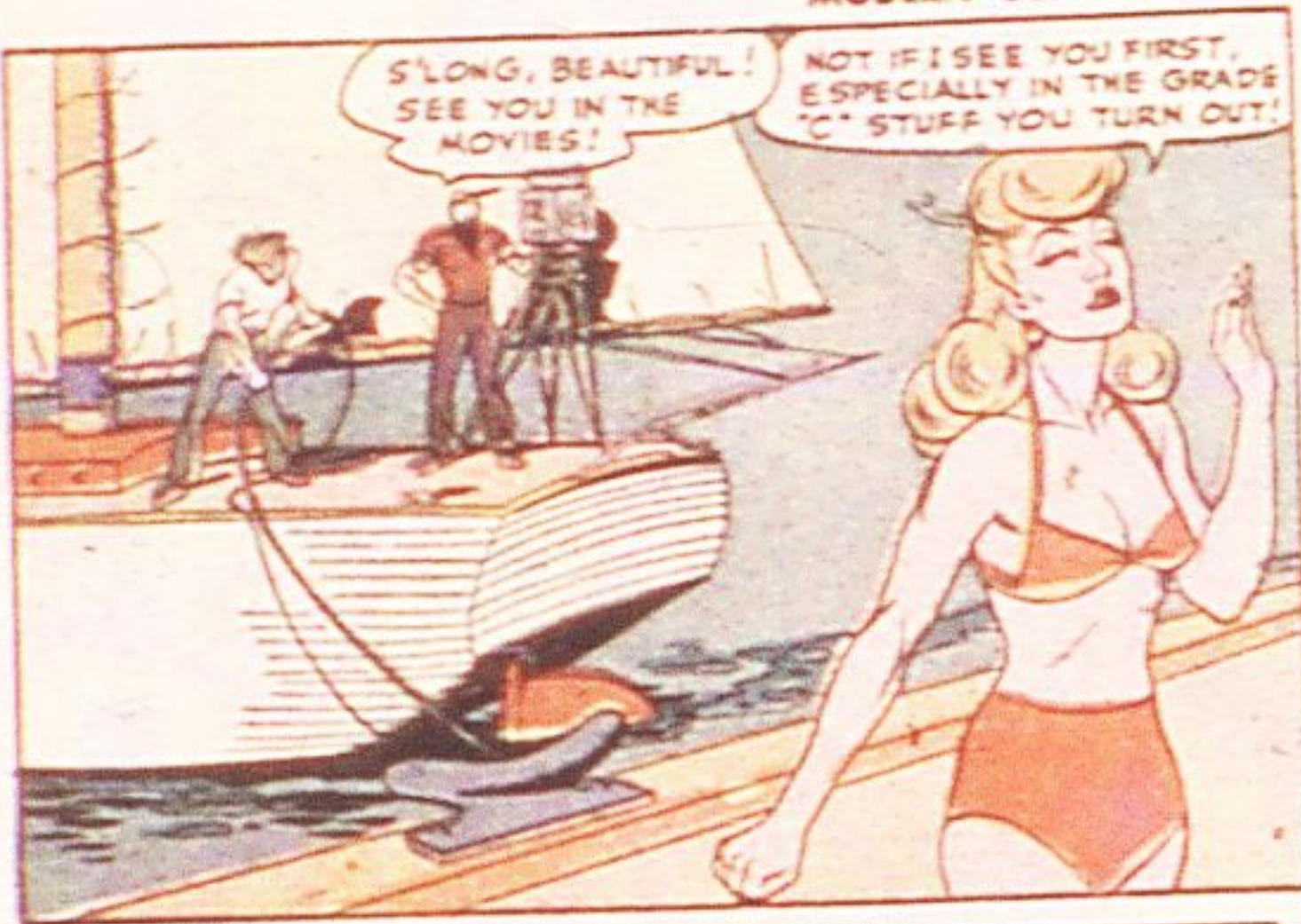
# Choo Choo



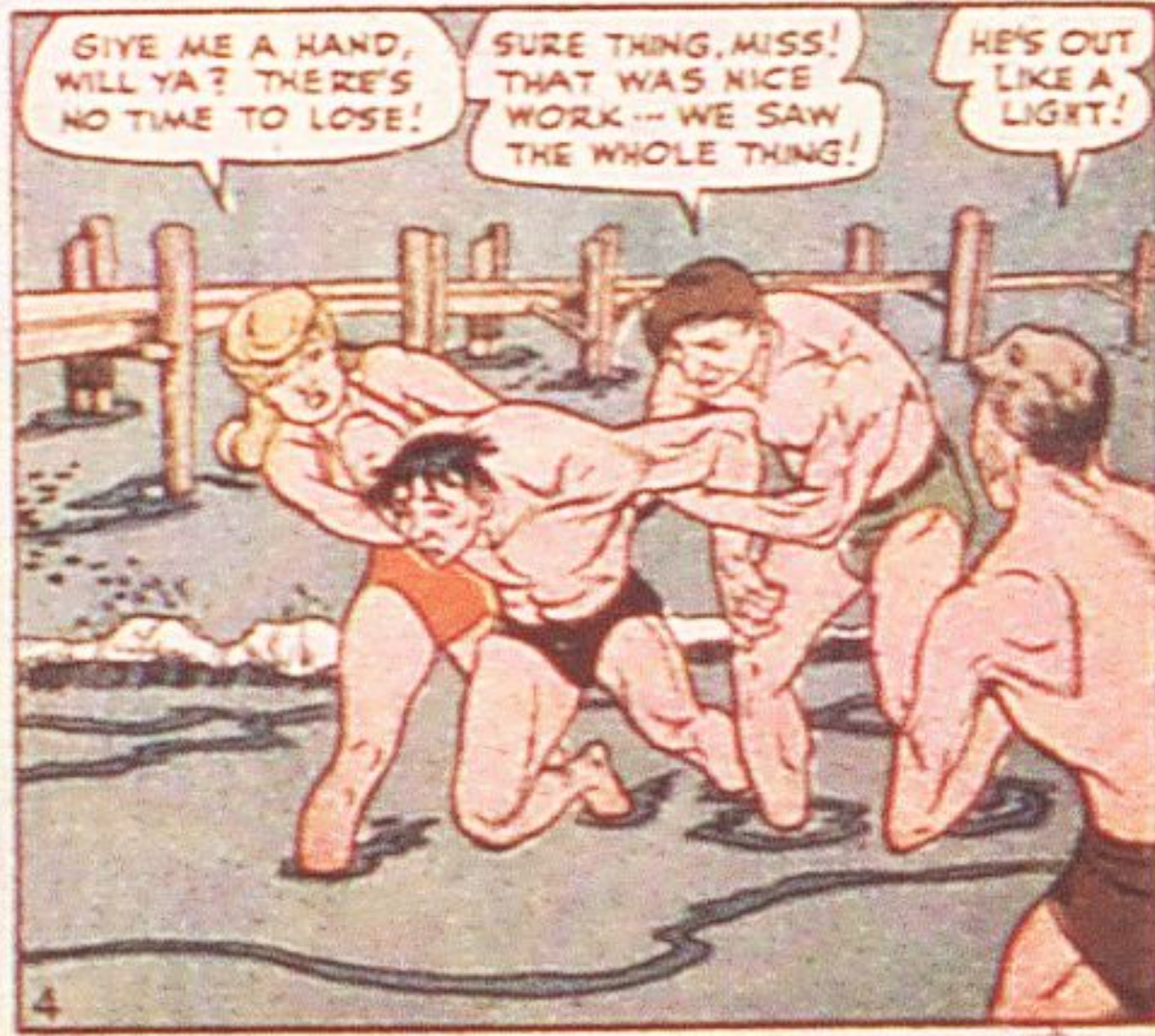
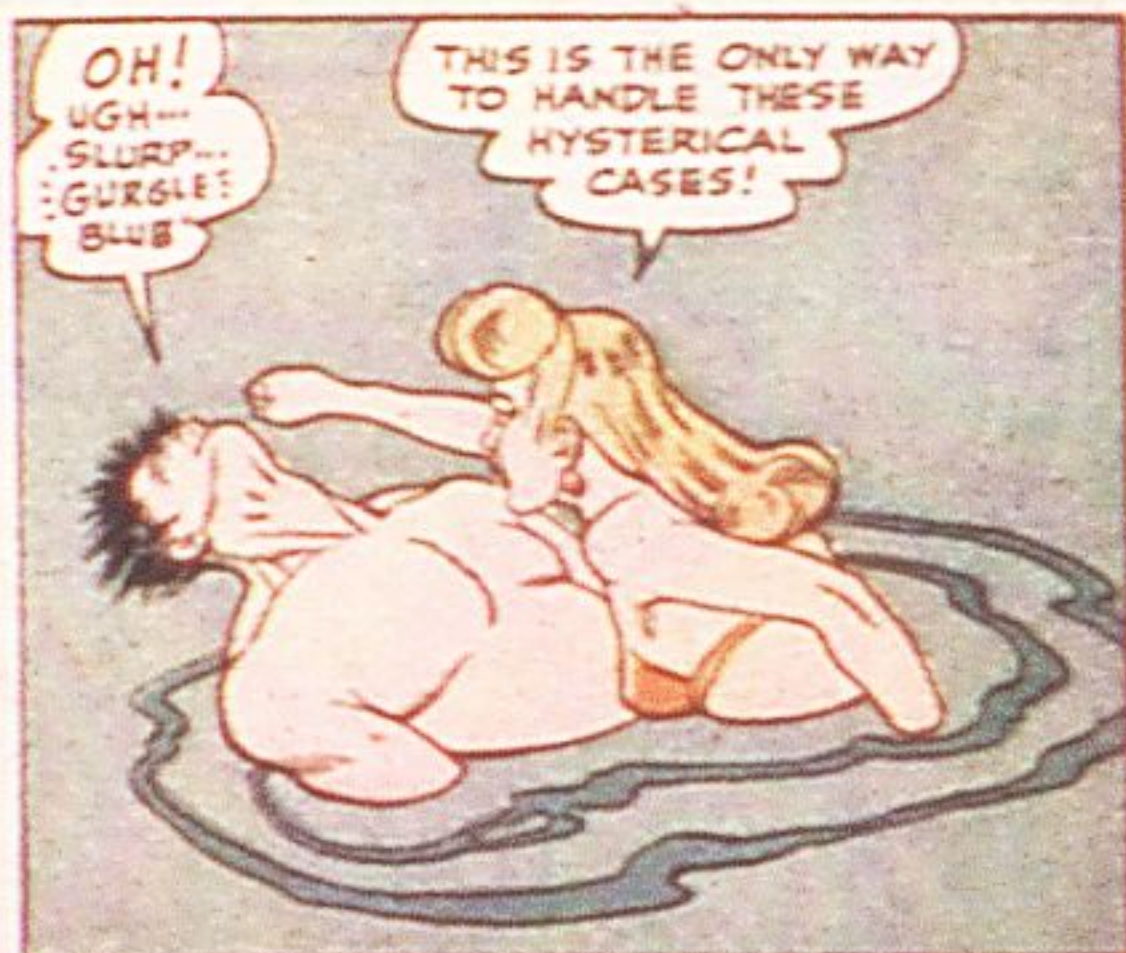
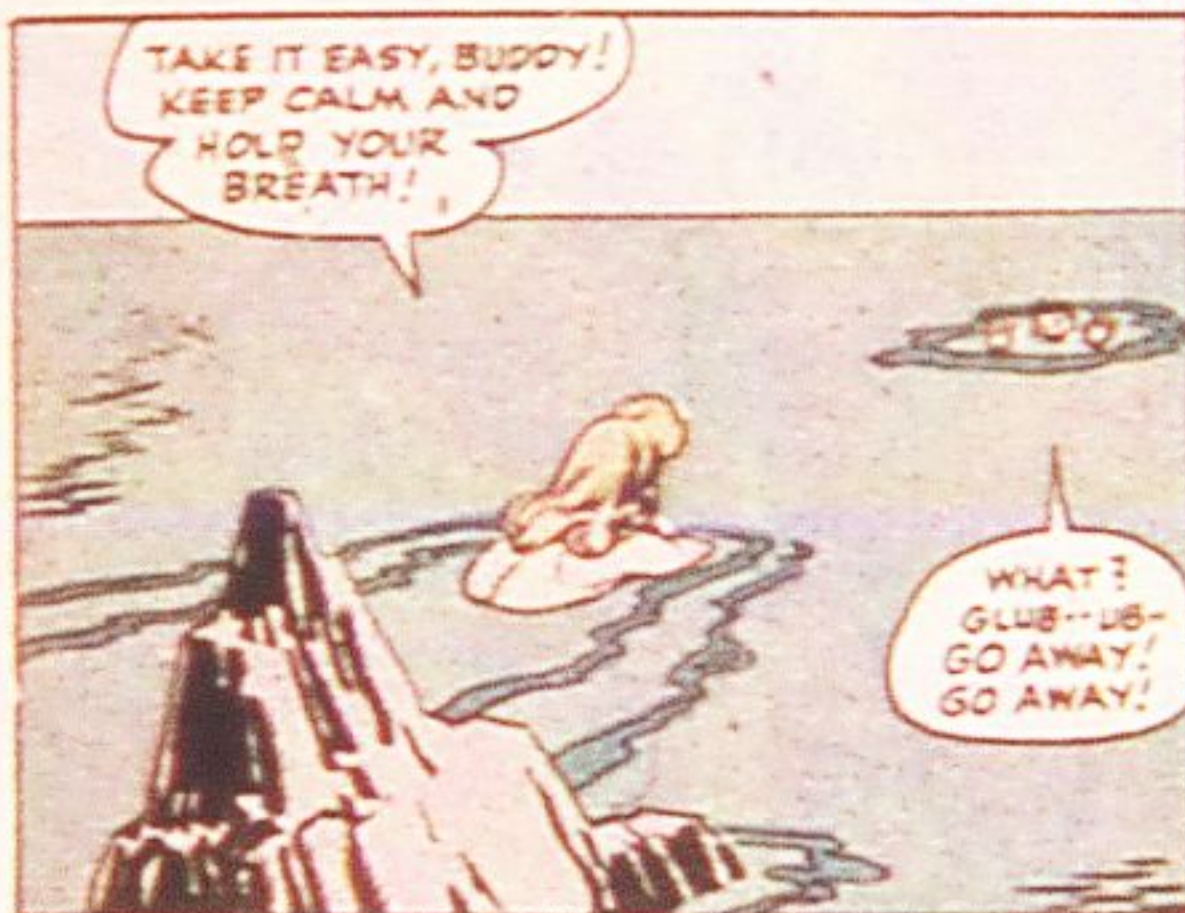




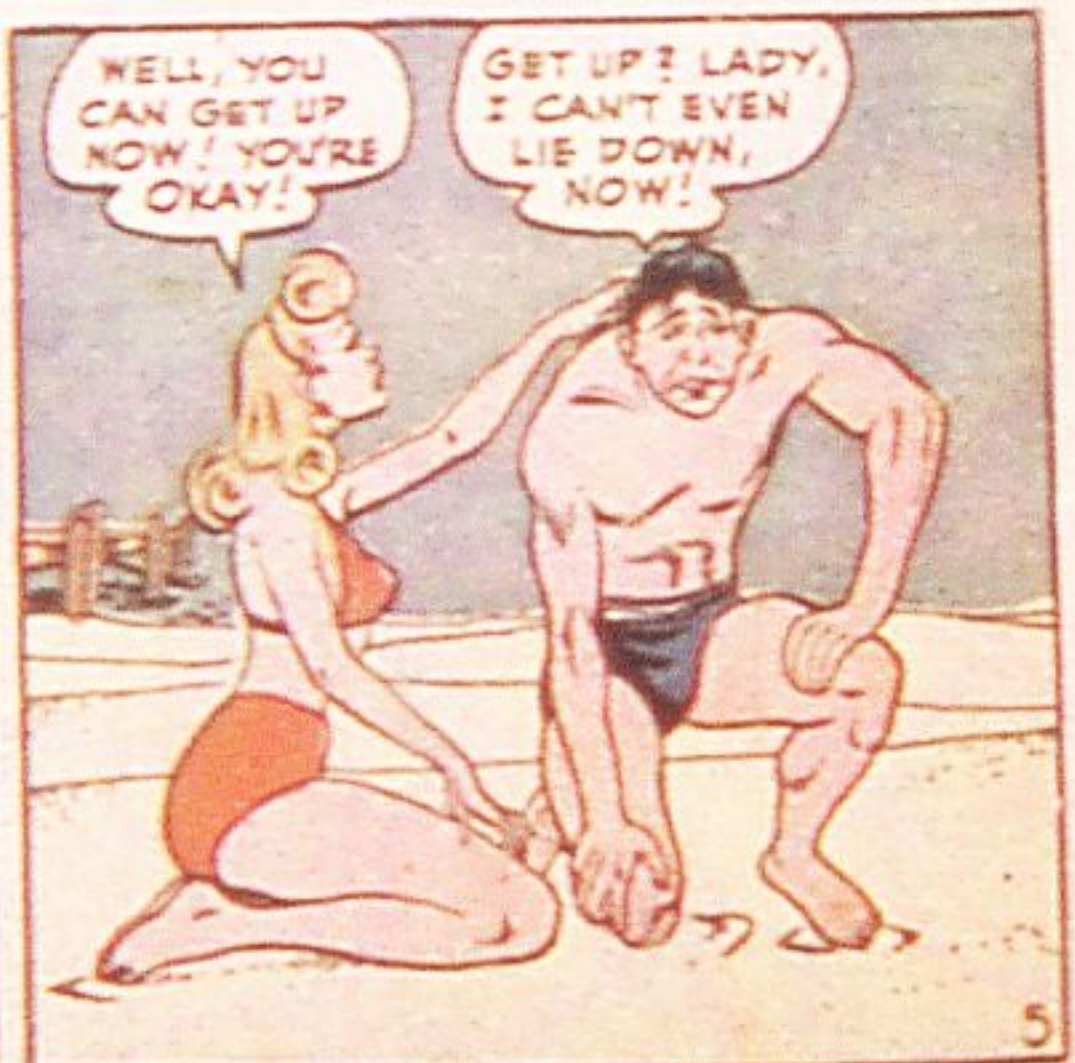
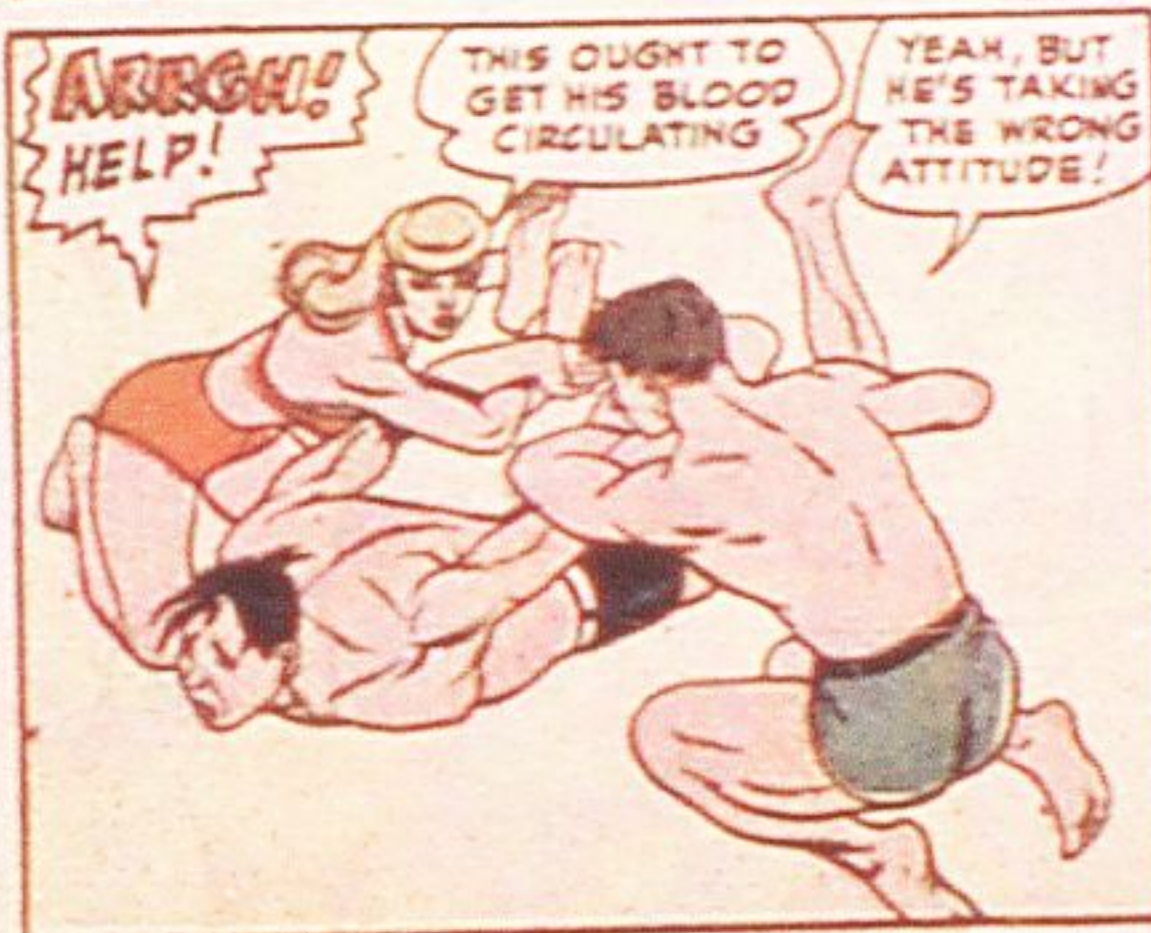




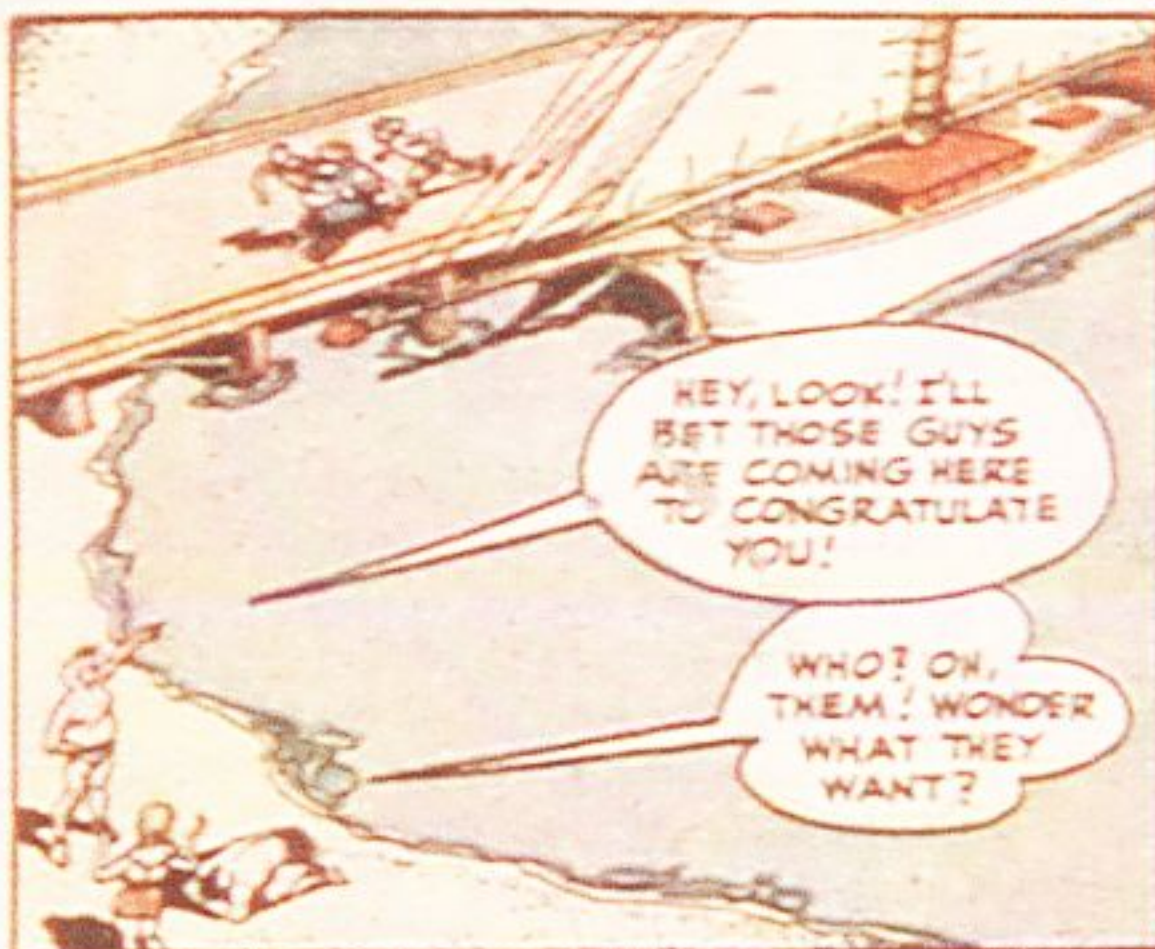














# STRANGE VIGIL

NO one in Kenya could remember how long old Kona had squatted beside the river. For ten years—twenty perhaps—he had sat thus on the bank of the Little Kenya, his beady old eyes watching everybody that crossed the government bridge.

There was nothing ominous about old Kona, except perhaps the fact that both his hands were off at the wrists. The story was that an English planter who had once owned Kona had had his hands lopped off for some minor crime.

Kona sat, day and night, keeping his little fire going, eating when he was hungry, drinking from a goatskin bag whenever he was thirsty.

Old Kona had at least two wives who kept his tiny farm in order. This farm, hardly an acre, lay not far from the river bank. It contained a hut, a spring, six sheep, two goats and a dozen chickens.

The withered old wives planted maize, pumpkins, sweet potatoes and barley. Much of this provender they dried at harvest against the long rainy season. They kept Kona supplied with food and drink without the necessity of his leaving his river bank spot.

Old Kona neither seemed happy nor despondent. So many years he had squatted in the same spot that he was a part of the very soil.

But who knew what thoughts roved through that crafty old brain? Who could read the things that went on behind that wrinkled dome of a head?

Kona's eyes told nothing. Nor did Kona's mouth. He would speak when spoken to by those who knew him. That was all. Sometimes he chanted an old war song to while away the time as he dreamed under the sun.

During the rainy season, Kona threw up a bit of goatskin as a covering for himself while the rain roared down in great torrents. The damp didn't seem to bother his ancient bones.

Many friends had Kona. Odd friends they

were, such as a speckled duck that visited him on occasions; a small monkey that came often and would sit and chatter as if he were indeed talking to the old man. And there was a dirty, shaggy old hyena, bane of all the white settlers, thief of the plains, scavenger of carrion, who would infrequently slink up to the old man and sit panting while he stared with distrustful eyes at Kona.

All these things Kona took in his stride—or his squat, if you prefer.

But why did he sit there on the river bank day after day, night after night? No one knew. Only Kona. Was he waiting for something? Someone? How could anyone give his entire life to such a vigil?

These things were Kona's secrets and he told no one.

Once a great plain fire swept down over the flat barley and rye fields of Little Kenya, burning scores of natives' huts, wiping out a whole season's crop of badly needed grain. The flames came up to Kona's squatting place, very close, but not quite close enough to make him move.

Luckily, the fire swept around his farm. For a time Kona's wives made a good thing out of selling produce to the famished natives who had lost all in the fire. They charged double and triple prices, being crafty like their husband.

Kona never sold anything. He had nothing to sell. Often visitors, Europeans mostly, would toss him a coin or two, thinking he was a beggar.

Kona would blink his eyes once, pick up the gratuities and nod solemnly. Folk figured that old Kona had quite a nest egg hidden away.

It was worth a few coins to see Kona pick up such small things as coppers. He must use both wrist stubs, which he was very clever in doing. Kona would often smoke long cigarettes which his wives rolled, holding the thing between his two wrists.

When Matthew Cristy arrived in Kenya, he



put up at the best hotel. Matthew lived alone. He was a domineering, brutal man, loud and with no good word for anybody. Africa was his, that was his attitude. And Matthew owned quite a slice of Africa, at that. For many years he had been a successful planter. He had owned many slaves. He hated them, beat them unmercifully, and worse.

If you want to go back twenty-odd years, before Matthew Cristy had become such a power in planters' circles, you might see a younger, sun-baked man of thirty. Each day he mounted a friaky horse and rode over the miles of his great plantation, shouting at his overseers, ordering floggings of the slaves for the merest provocation.

He was loud and lewd, and feared neither man nor devil. Whenever his natives wished to hold some harmless ceremony, Matthew was the one who rode among them with a terrible lash and flogged right and left.

"None of that heathenish bunk here!" he'd roar. "Get on with your work, or I'll cut your hide from your backs!"

The natives natprally hated him. But what could they do? He bought them from the Arab slavers who yearly drove a long queue of stolen blacks up from the Gamboons or Natal.

One day one of his young women who served his table dropped a rather fine china jug containing ice water. It smashed to bits. Cristy roared and grabbed his knout. The poor girl fell to her knees and began pleading for mercy.

Cristy laid on with the steel-nibbed thong, quickly cutting through the girl's light dress and ripping her back to a bloody pulp.

Her screams brought a young man leaping at Cristy. He grabbed the whip, throwing it across the room. The terrified young man cried out in the Gullah tongue that he'd rather die than have his sister beaten to death.

"You've asked for it, you fool!" shouted Cristy. He drew his pistol and shot the young man dead.

The girl, sobbing and moaning on the floor, was gathered up by other slaves and carried to

her hut. Cristy ordered that no care was to be given her, no salves or ointments put on her raw back. She died in three days, from infection.

The father of the two murdered children said nothing. He went about morosely, muttering to himself, hating his master with a bitter hatred that boded ill for that party. One day Cristy missed a revolver from his study wall. The old man had been in there dusting only a few minutes before. Cristy ordered him to produce the gun. The old man refused, claiming he had not stolen it.

And then, before all the slaves, who had been summoned from the fields purposely, Cristy had the old man's hands chopped off.

The old man disappeared soon afterward and Cristy never saw him again. But he found his revolver the next day, in one of his own pockets hanging in a closet. He had put it there himself.

Cristy had gone to England a few years later to enjoy some of his wealth. Now he was back, to look over his great plantation which had been placed in the hands of an overseer.

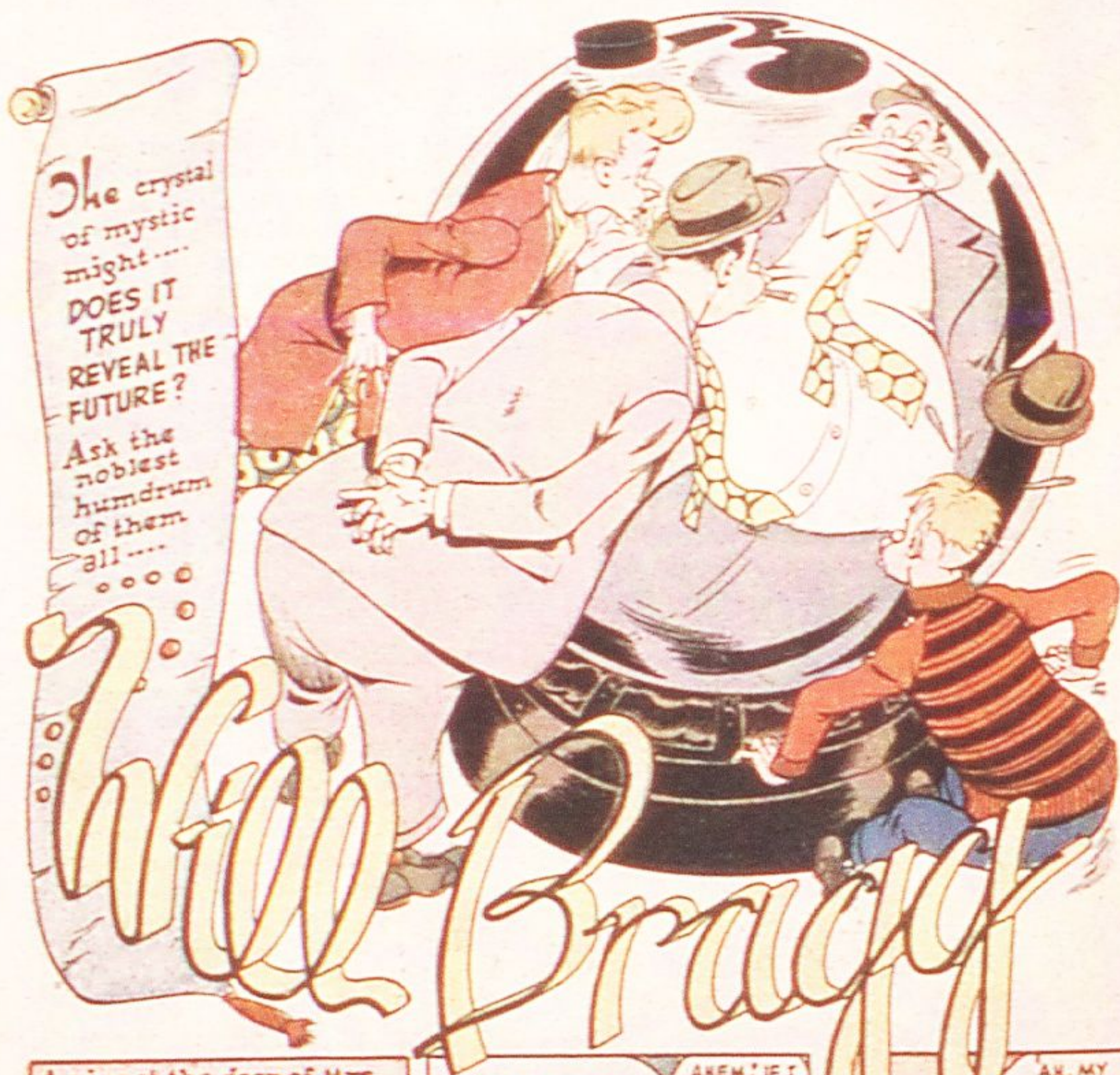
The night he arrived in Kenya, putting up at the best hotel, there were few who recognized him; or if they did, made no move to show it. Cristy was not liked by anyone, because of his cruelty toward his slaves. The story of his fearful savagery to the old man, who was blameless, had never been forgotten.

Cristy set out for his plantation on a hired mule. He went alone, as he always did, a sneering expression on his face. He rode slowly. As he drew near the bridge over the stream where old Kona sat, he lashed with his riding crop at some children playing near the approach.

Kona stiffened, watching. Cristy began his ride across the bridge. There was no one else on it. When he was in the middle a terrific explosion lifted the bridge high and a gout of flame leaped from the bank on Kona's side of the river. The shattered bridge settled back in the water. Of Cristy there was nothing remaining.

Kona had pulled a hidden wire, which no one ever found. Kona had paid his old enemy in full.





A ring at the door of Mrs. Mahoulahan's boarding house...and a call for Effy!

SIGN HERE FOR A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER AND A PACKAGE!

I'M SOOOOOO EXCITED!

FROM A LAWYER! MY SECOND COUSIN RIPSTITCH DIED IN THE ORIENT...THEY'RE SENDING ME HIS MOST PRIZED POSSESSION! WHAT CAN BE IN THIS PACKAGE?

AHEM! IF I MAY SUGGEST, EFFY... OPEN IT AND SEE!

Oooo, ALL THE WAY FROM THE MYSTERIOUS EAST! I NEVER SAW SUCH A THING!

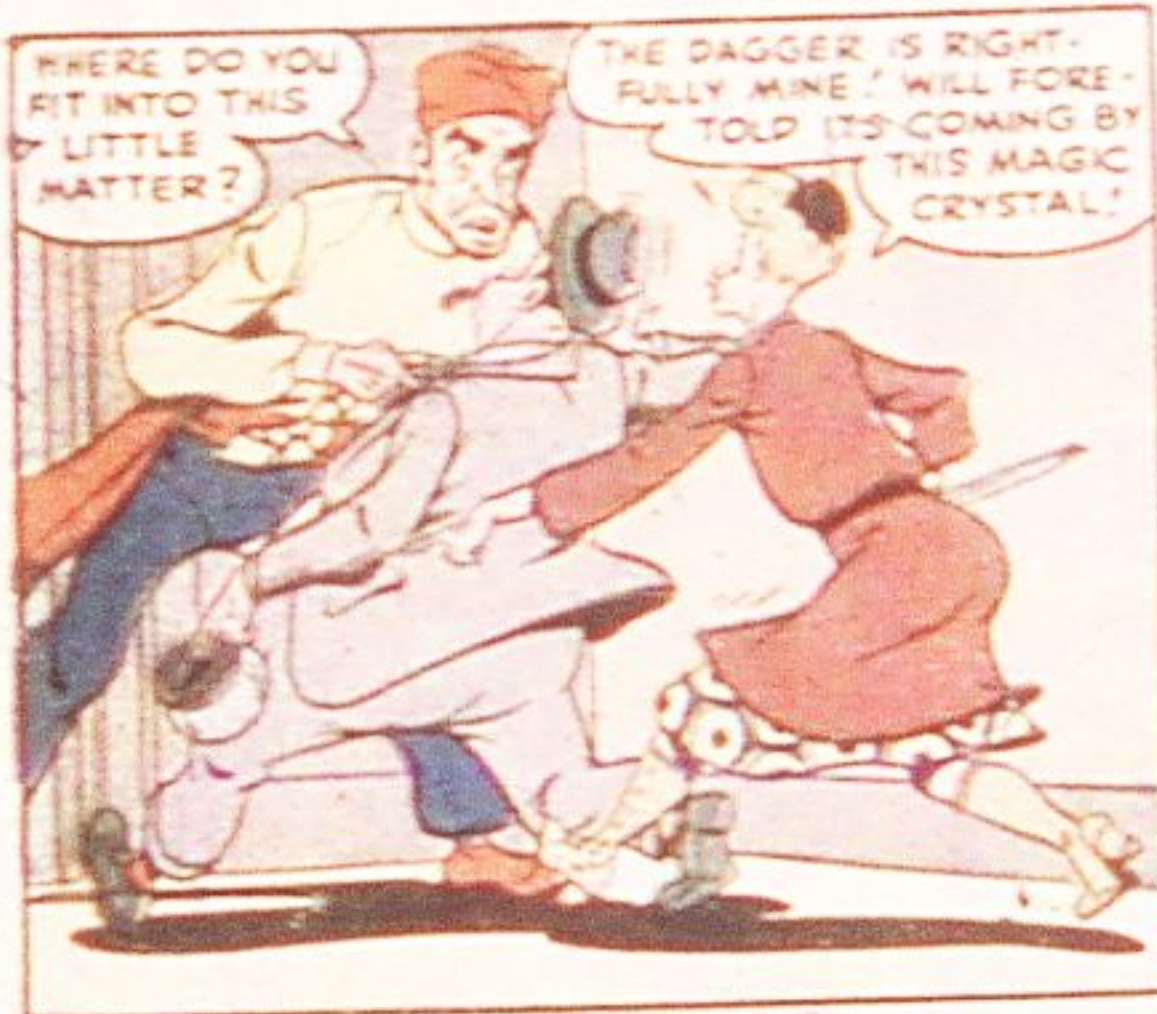
AH, MY OWN TRAVELS IDENTIFY THIS STRANGE OBJECT! IT IS A MAGIC CRYSTAL-- IN ITS DEPTHS THE TRAINED OBSERVER CAN SEE THE FUTURE!



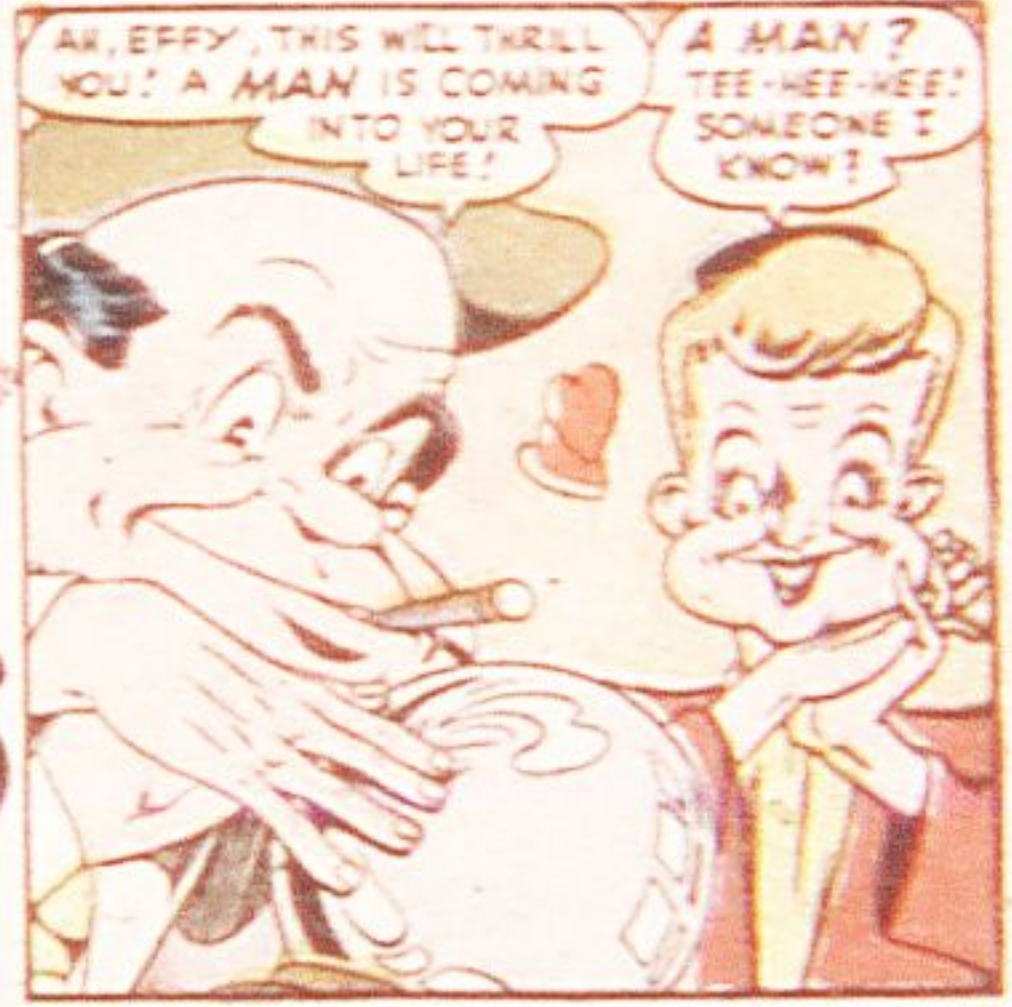




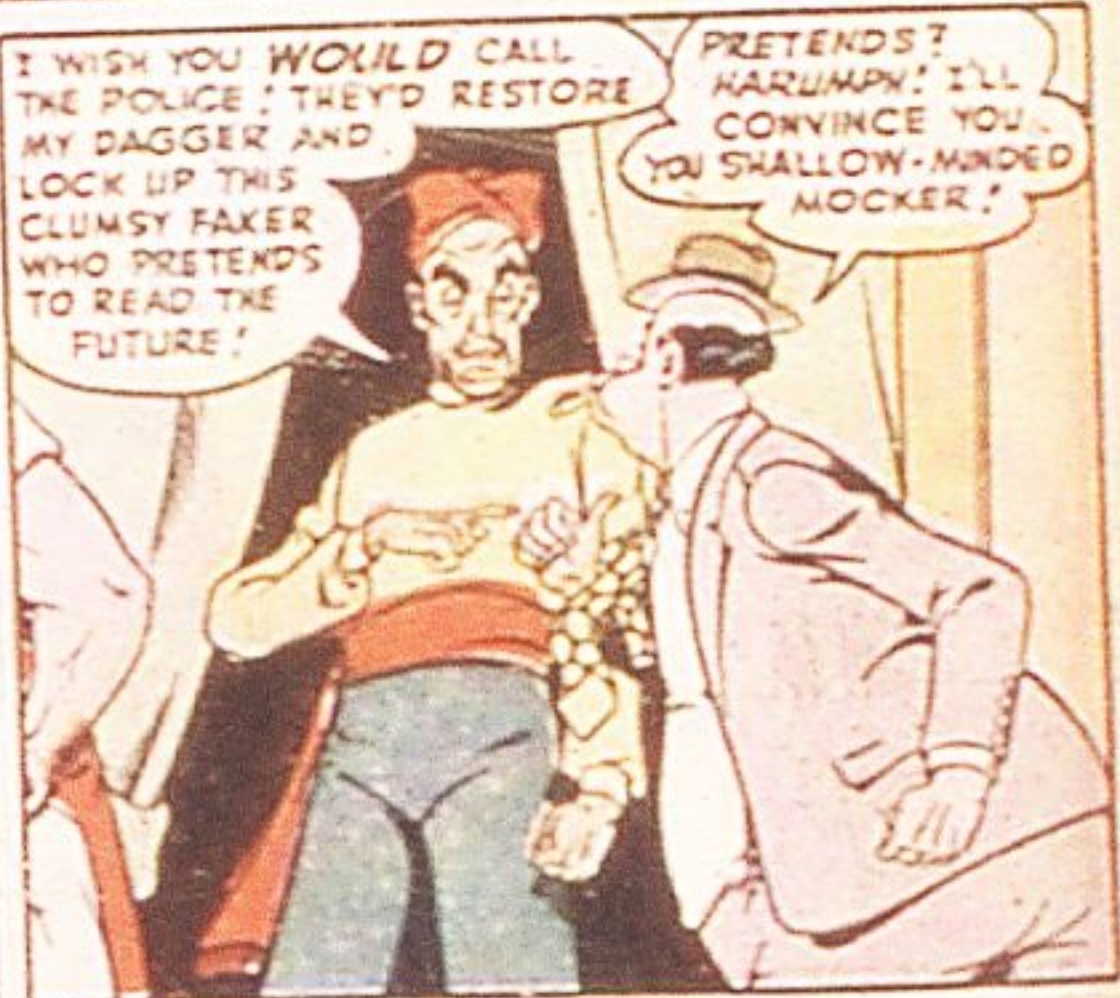




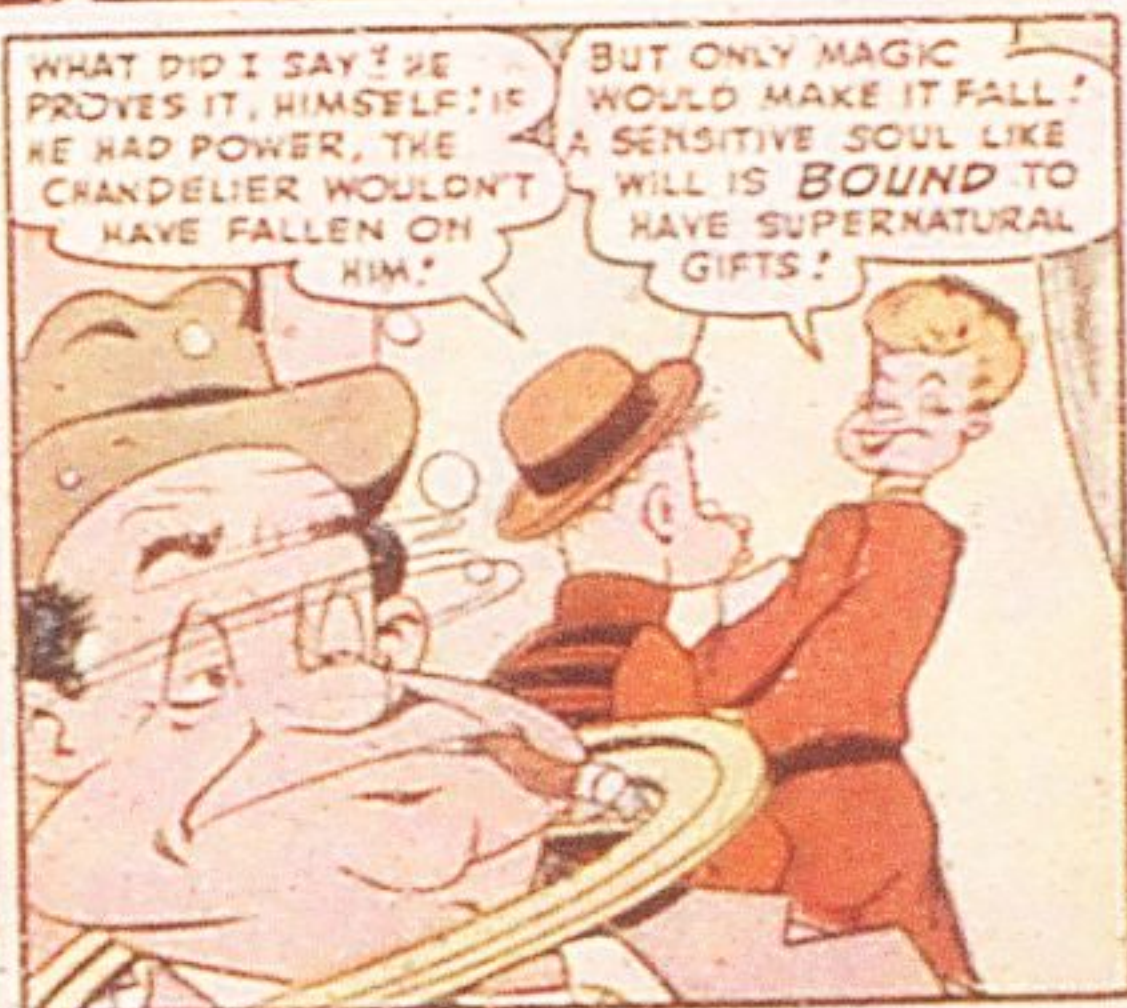
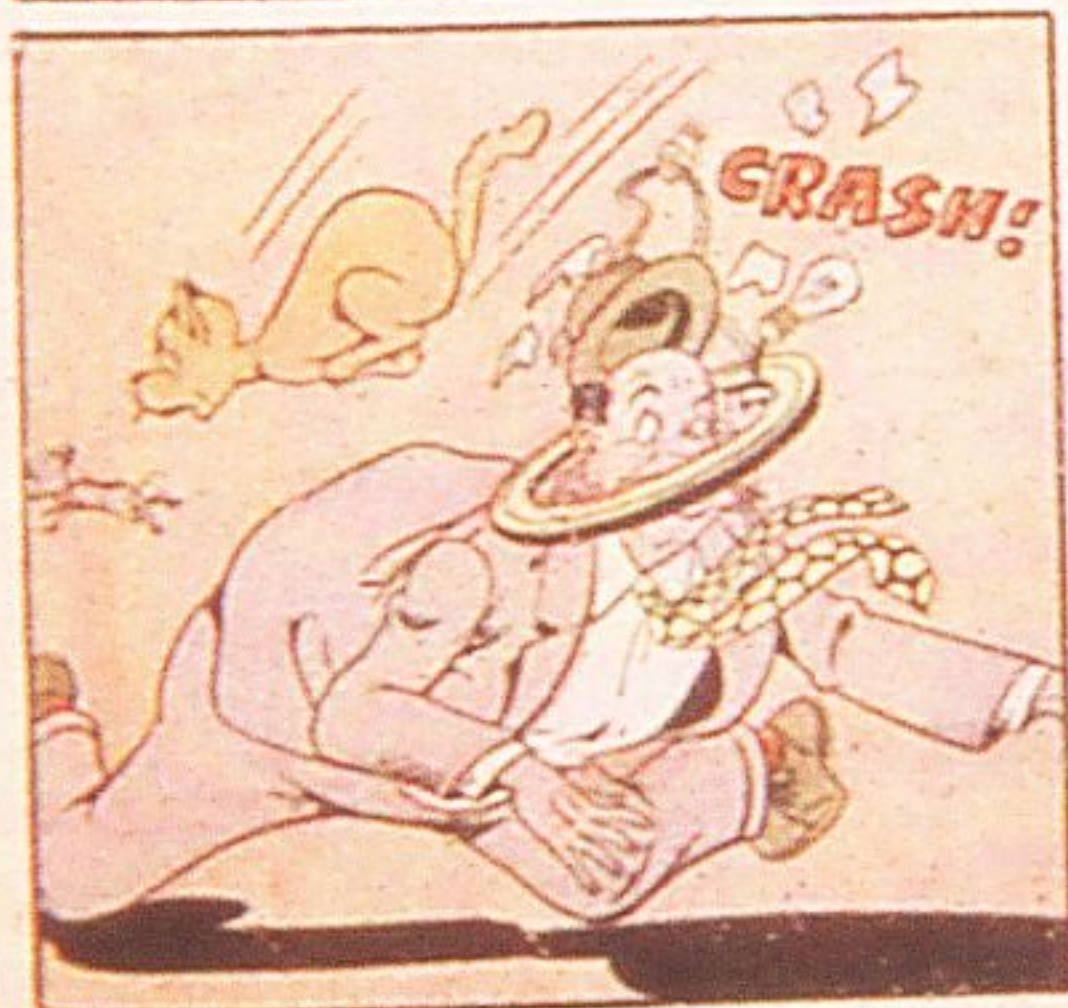
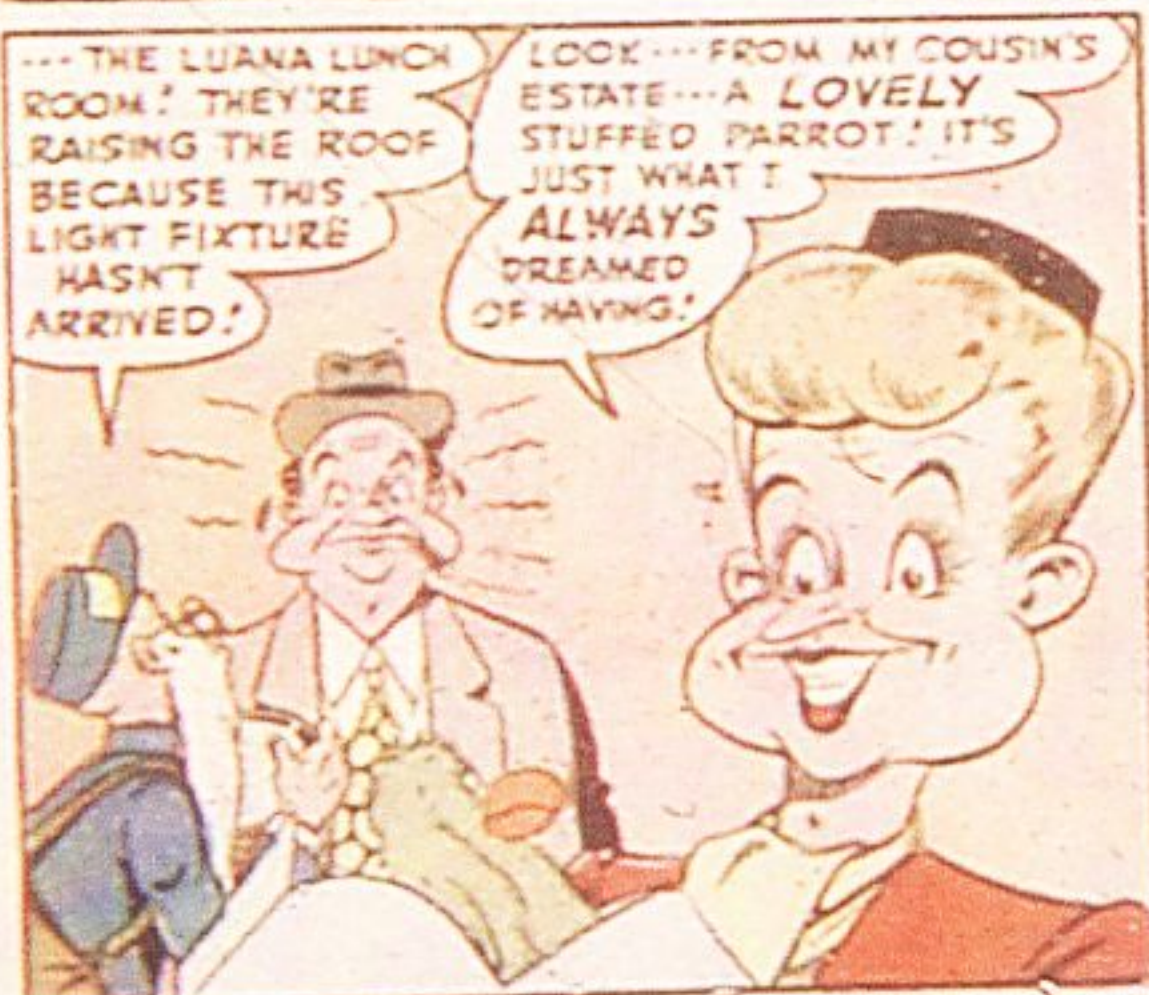
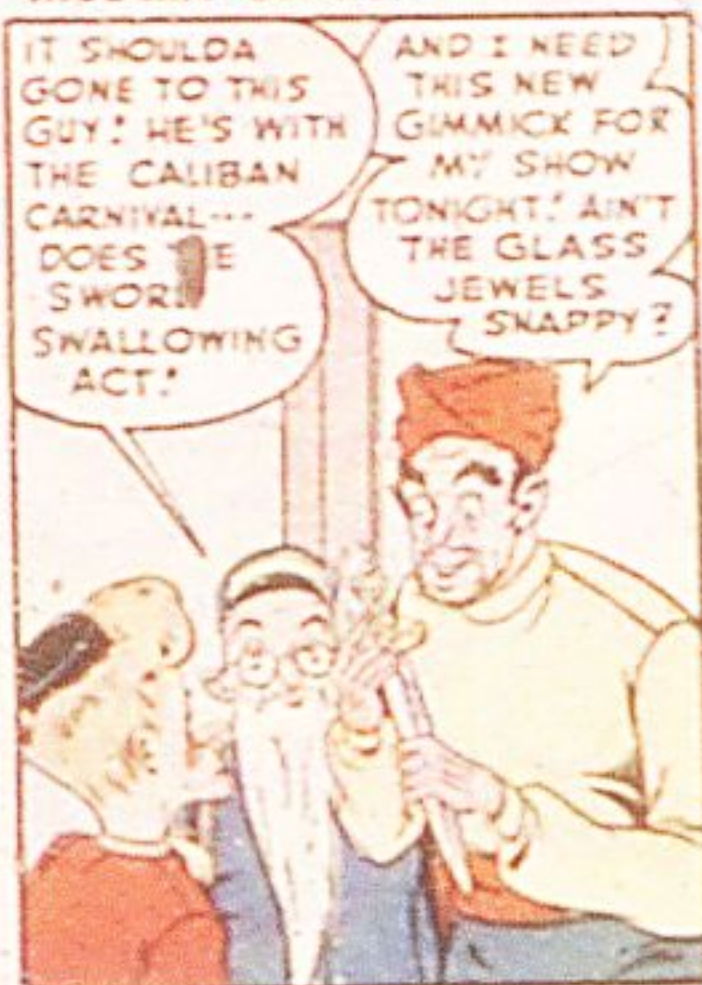








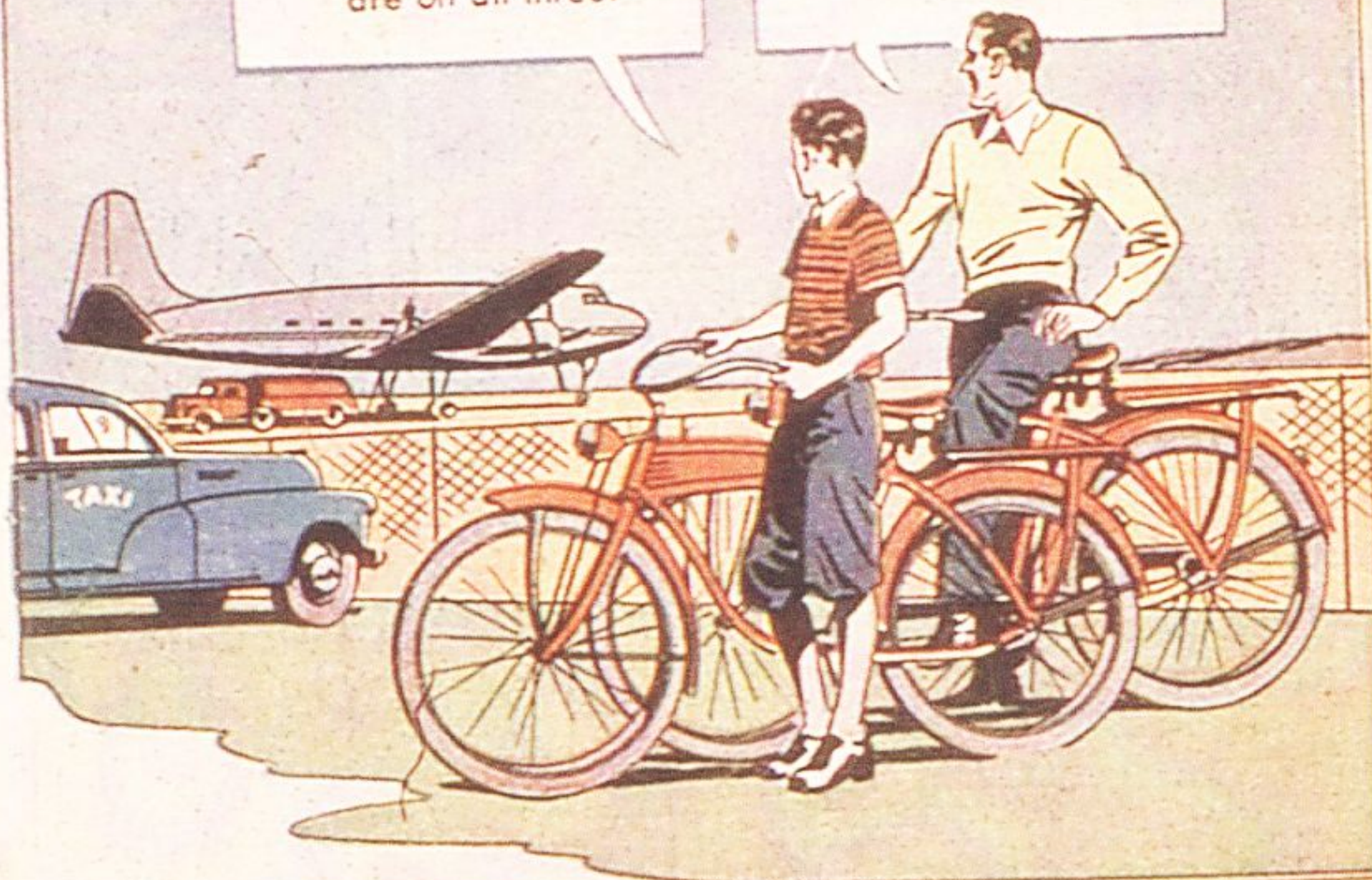






"Gosh Dad, you mean  
Bendix Brakes  
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds  
brakes for all types of  
planes, cars and trucks!"



GET THE NEW

**Bendix**

COASTER BRAKE!

If you want the latest and finest coaster brake be sure that your new bike is equipped with a Bendix® Coaster Brake. It is made by one of America's leading brake manufacturers and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake.

IT COASTS LONGER • IT PEDALS EASIER  
IT STOPS QUICKER



JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

- Easy to put together and take apart
- Longer Life • Fewer Parts • Easier to Pedal
- Stops Quicker • Coasts Longer

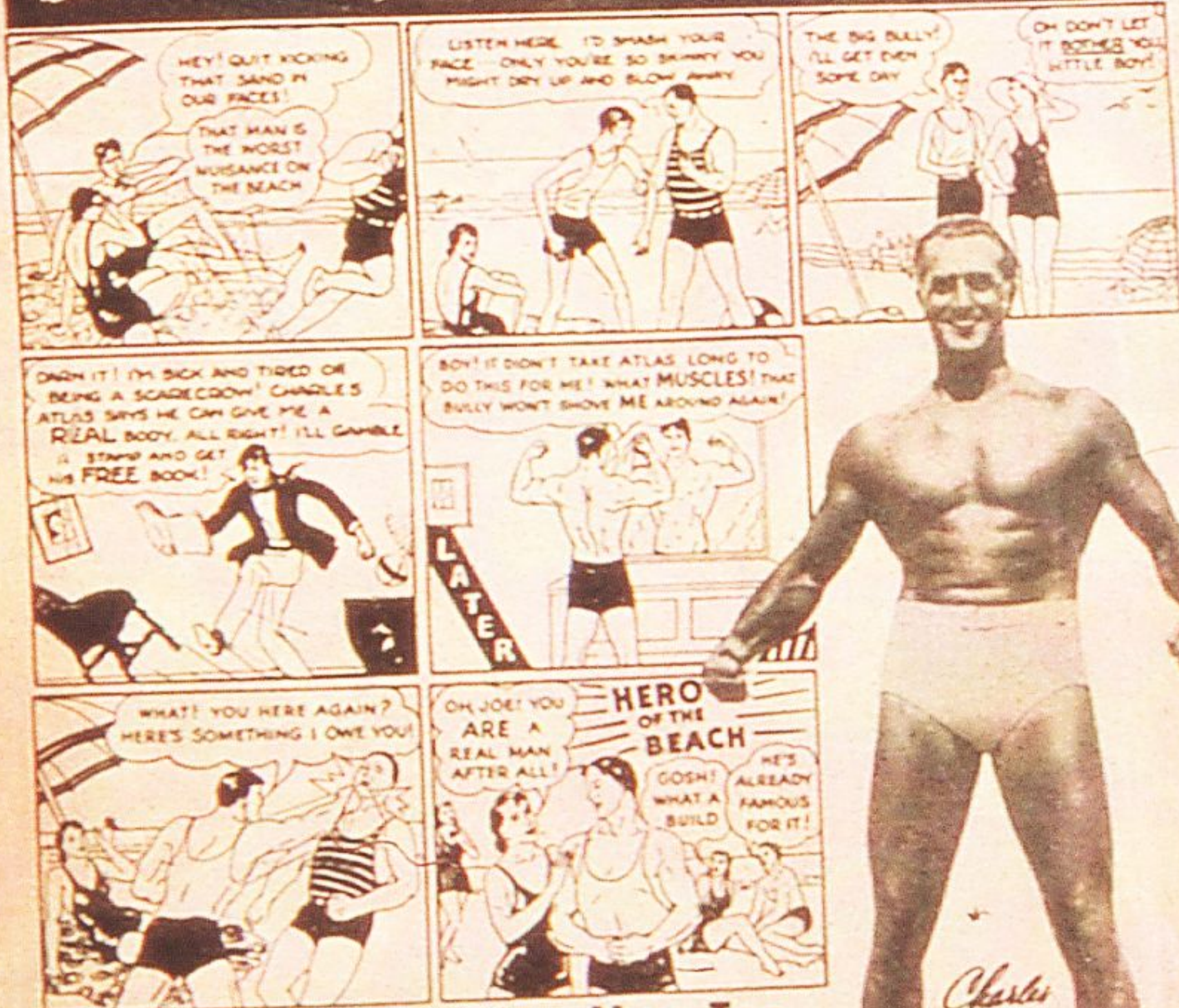
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of



ELMIRA, NEW YORK



# HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3308, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3308

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(if any)

*Charles Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"OUTWITTING  
The KIDNAPPERS"



WHEN THEY FIND  
THAT RANSOM NOTE,  
I'LL BE SITTING  
PRETTY...

AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM  
CITY BIKE CLUB HEAR POLICE RADIO FLASH...

KIDNAPPERS  
LAST SEEN ON  
ROUTE 22  
DRIVING TOWARD  
SPARTA  
MOUNTAIN...

GOLLY...  
THEY'RE HEADING  
THIS WAY!

COME ON,  
FELLAS...WE'RE  
HEADING FOR  
THE CROSSROADS!



YOU GO GET THE POLICE.  
I'LL STOP ALL CARS WITH  
MY SPARK-INTERRUPTER!

A SPARK-INTERRUPTER CUTS OFF  
ALL IGNITIONS BY REMOTE CONTROL!

THE PLAN WORKS...THE KIDNAP-CAR  
IS TRAPPED IN A BIG TRAFFIC-JAM!



THE POLICE!  
THEY'VE GOT THE  
KIDNAPPERS!

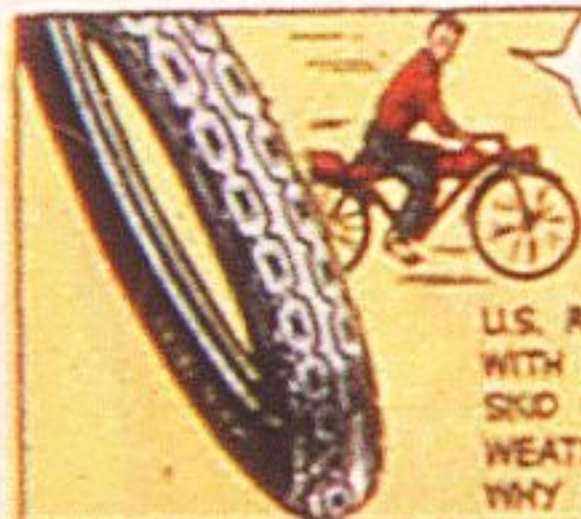


FAST WORK, BOYS...YOU BIKERS  
SURE MADE THESE THUGS  
LOOK LIKE PIKERS!

FELLAS...THE BOYS OF THE BIKE CLUB  
AND I ARE MIGHTY PARTIAL TO U.S.  
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GIVES US REAL  
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED!



NEXT ISSUE:  
TRAPPING A  
BANDIT!



"I CAN STOP FASTER-EASIER-  
WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"  
--- SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES ARE THE FAVORITE  
WITH MOST BOYS. THE REASON? THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GRIPS THE ROAD--IN ANY  
WEATHER--GIVES QUICKER, SURER STOPS.  
WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

## U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science